



Buffalo Bill's WILD WEST



LED BY THE FAMED SCOUT AND GUIDE.

BUFFALO BILL

(HON. W. F. CODY).

Capt. A. H. BOGARDUS,

CHAMPION WING SHOT OF THE WORLD.

Major FRANK NORTH,
THE PILOT OF THE PRAIRIE.

"OKLAHOMA" PAYNE,
THE PROGRESSIVE PIONEER.

"BUCK" TAYLOR,
KING OF THE COW-BOYS.

"CON" GRONER,
THE COW-BOY SHERIFF OF THE PLATTE.

A Host of Western Celebrities; A Camp of Cheyenne, Arappahoe, Sioux, and Pawnee Indians; A Group of Mexican Vaqueros; Round-up of Western Cow-Boys; Company of Prairie Scouts; A Herd of Wild Buffaloes; A Corral of Indian Ponies; A Band of Mountain Elk; A Drove of Texas Steers; Pack-Train of Mexican Burros; Mountain Lions, Coyottes, Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep, etc.

ARTISTICALLY BLENDING, LIFE-LIKE, VIVID, AND THRILLING
Pictures of Western Life.

W. F. CODY, NATE SALSURY, & A. H. BOGARDUS, Proprietors.
JOHN M. BURKE, General Manager.

For Particulars, Date, and Description, see Posters, Small Bills, and Newspapers.

The Calhoun Printing Company, Hartford, Conn.

see info file

THE NEWBERRY
LIBRARY

SALUTATORY.

There is probably no field in modern American history more fascinating in the intensity of its interest than that which is presented on our rapidly-extending frontier. The pressure of the white man, the movement of the emigrant train, and the extension of our railways, together with the military power of the General Government, have, in a measure, broken down the barriers behind which the Indian fought and defied the advance of civilization; but the West, in many places, is still a scene of wildness, where the sternness of law is upheld at the pistol point, and the white savage and outlaw has become scarcely less dangerous than his red-skinned predecessor.

The story of our country, so far as it concerns life in the vast Rocky Mountain region and on the plains, has never been half told; and romance itself falls far short of the reality when it attempts to depict the career of the little vanguard of pioneers, trappers, and scouts, who, moving always in front, have paved the way — frequently with their own bodies — for the safe approach of the masses behind. The names of "Old Bridger," "Kit Carson," "Buffalo White," "Wild Bill," "California Joe," "Texas Jack," "Buffalo Bill," Maj. North, and scores of others have already become identified with what seem to be strange legends and traditions, and yet the lives and labors of these men form a part of the development of the great West. Most of them have died fighting bravely, and all of them, in their way, have been men around whose exploits contemporaneous writers in and out of the army have thrown the halo of heroism. Our most distinguished officers have repeatedly borne tribute to their usefulness and valor, and to-day the adventures of the Army Scout constitute a theme of never-ending interest. Keen of eye, sturdy in build, inured to hardship, experienced in the knowledge of Indian habits and language, familiar with the hunt, and trustworthy in the hour of extremest danger, they belong to a class that is rapidly disappearing from our country.

In the Eastern States, or even east of the Mississippi, the methods of these people are comparatively unknown, and it is for the purpose of introducing them to the public that this little pamphlet has been prepared. Hon. William F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill"), in conjunction with Mr. Nate Salsbury and Captain A. H. Bogardus, the famous shot, has organized a large combination that, in its several aspects, will illustrate life as it is witnessed on the plains: the Indian encampment; the cowboys and vaqueros; the herds of buffalo and elk; the lassoing of animals; the manner of robbing mail coaches; feats of agility, horsemanship, marksmanship, archery, and the kindred scenes and events that are characteristic of the border. The most completely-appointed delegation of frontiersmen and Indians that ever visited the East will take part in the entertainment, together with a large number of animals; and the performance, while in no wise partaking of the nature of a "circus," will be at once new, startling, and instructive.

JOHN M. BURKE,

General Manager.

NORTH PLATTE, NEB., MARCH 1, 1884.

Hon. W. F. CODY—"Buffalo Bill,"



Was born in Scott County, Iowa, from whence his father, Isaac Cody, emigrated a few years afterwards to the distant frontier territory of Kansas, settling near Fort Leavenworth. While still a boy his father was killed in what is now known as the "Border War," and his youth was passed amid all the excitements and turmoil incident to the strife and discord of that unsettled community, where the embers of political contentions smoldered until they burst into the burning flame of civil war. This state of affairs among the white occupants of the territory, and the ingrained ferocity and hostility to encroachment from the native savage, created an atmosphere of adventure well calculated to educate one of his natural temperament to a familiarity with danger and self-reliance in the protective means for its avoidance.

From a child used to shooting and riding, he at an early age became a celebrated pony express rider, then the most dangerous occupation on the plains. He was known as a boy to be most fearless and ready for any mission of danger, and respected by such men then engaged in the express service as Old Jule and the terrible Slade, whose correct finale is truthfully told in Mark Twain's "Roughing It." He accompanied General Albert Sidney Johnston on his Utah expedition, guided trains overland, hunted for a living, and gained his sobriquet by wresting the laurels as a buffalo hunter from all claimants—notably Comstock, in a contest with whom he killed sixty-nine buffalo in one day to Comstock's forty-six—became scout and guide for the now celebrated Fifth Cavalry (of which General E. A. Carr was major), and is thoroughly identified with that regiment's Western history; was chosen by the Kansas Pacific Railroad to supply meat to the laborers while building the road, in one season killing 4,863, besides deer and antelope; and was chief of scouts in the department that protected the building of the Union Pacific. In these various duties his encounters with the red men have been innumerable, and are well authenticated by army officers in every section of the country. In fact wherever you meet an army officer, there you meet an admirer and indorser of Buffalo Bill. He is, in fact, the representative man of the frontiersmen of the past—that is, not the bar-room hawler or bully of the settlements, but a genuine specimen of Western manhood—a child of the plains, who was raised there, and familiar with the country previous to railroads, and when it was known on our maps as the "Great American Desert." By the accident of birth and early association, a man who became insensibly inured to the hardships and dangers of primitive existence and possessed of those qualities that afterward enabled him to hold positions of trust and without his knowing or intending it, made him nationally famous.

Gen. Richard Irving Dodge, Gen. Sherman's chief staff, correctly states in his "Thirty Years Among Our Wild Indians": "The success of every expedition against Indians depends, to a degree, on the skill, fidelity, and intelligence of the men employed as scouts, for not only is the command habitually dependent on them for good routes and comfortable camps, but the officer in command must rely on them almost entirely for their knowledge of the position and movements of the enemy."

Therefore, besides mere personal bravery, a scout must possess the moral qualities associated with a good captain of a ship—full of self-reliance in his own ability to meet and overcome any unlooked-for difficulties, to be a thorough student of nature, a self-taught weather prophet, a geologist by experience, an astronomer by necessity, a naturalist, and thoroughly educated in the warfare, stratagems, trickery, and skill of his implacable Indian foe. Because in handling expeditions or leading troops on him alone depends correctness of destination, avoidance of dangers, protection against sudden storms, the finding of game, grass, woods, and water, the lack of which, of course, is more fatal than the deadly bullet. In fact, more lives have been lost on the plains from incompetent guides than ever the Sioux or Pawnees destroyed.

Our best Indian-fighting officers are quick to recognize these traits in those claiming frontier lore, and to no one in the military history of the West has such deference been shown by them as to W. F. Cody, as is witnessed by the continuous years of service he has passed, the different commands he has served, the expeditions and campaigns he has been identified with, his repeated holding, when he desired, the position of "Chief of Scouts of United States Army," and the intimate associations and contact resulting from it with Gen. W. T. Sherman (with whom he was at the making of the Comanche and Kiowa treaty), Gen. Phil. Sheridan (who has often given him special recognition and chosen him to organize expeditions, notably that of the Duke Alexis), old Gen. Harney, Gen. W. S. Hancock, Crook, Pope, Miles, Ord, Angur, Terry, McKenzie, Carr, Forsythe, Merritt, Brislin, Emory, Gibbon, Royal, Hazen, Duncan, Palmer, Pembroke, and the late lamented Gen. Custer. His history, in fact, would be almost a history of the middle West, and, though younger, equalling in term of service and in personal adventure Kit Carson, Old Jim Bridger, California Joe, Wild Bill, and the rest of his dead-and-gone associates.

As another evidence of the confidence placed in his frontiersmanship, it may suffice to mention the celebrities whose money and position most naturally sought the best protection the Western market could afford, and who chose to place their lives in his keeping: Sir George Gore, Earl Dunraven, James Gordon Bennett, Duke Alexis, Gen. Custer, Lawrence Jerome, Remington, Professor Ward of Rochester, Professor Marsh of Yale College, Major J. G. Hecksher, Dr. Kingsley (Canon Kingsley's brother), and others of equal rank and distinction. All books of the plains, his exploits with Carr, Miles, and Crook, published in the *New York Herald* and *Times* in the summer of 1876, when he killed Yellow Hand in front of the military command in an open-handed fight, are too recent to refer to.

The following letter of his old commander and celebrated Indian fighter, Gen. E. A. Carr, written years ago relative to him, is a tribute as generous as any brave man has ever made to one of his position:

"From his services with my command, steadily in the field, I am qualified to bear testimony as to his qualities and character.

"He was very modest and unassuming. He is a natural gentleman in his manners as well as in character, and has none of the roughness of the typical frontiersman. He can take his own part when required, but I have never heard of his using a knife or a pistol, or engaging in a quarrel where it could be avoided. His personal strength and activity are very great, and his temper and disposition are so good that no one has reason to quarrel with him.

"His eyesight is better than a good field glass; he is the best trailer I ever heard of, and also the best judge of the 'lay of country'—that is, he is able to tell what kind of country is ahead, so as to know how to act. He is a perfect judge of distance, and always ready to tell correctly how many miles it is to water, or to any place, or how many miles have been marched. * * * *

"Mr. Cody seemed never to tire and was always ready to go, in the darkest night or the worst weather, and usually volunteered, knowing what the emergency required. His trailing, when following Indians or looking for stray animals or game, is simply wonderful. He is a most extraordinary hunter.

"In a fight Mr. Cody is never noisy, obstreperous, or excited. In fact, I never hardly noticed him in a fight, unless I happened to want him, or he had something to report, when he was always in the right place, and his information was always valuable and reliable.

"During the winter of 1866 we encountered hardships and exposure in terrific snow storms, sleet, etc., etc. On one occasion that winter Mr. Cody showed his quality by quietly offering to go with some dispatches to Gen. Sheridan, across a dangerous region, where another principal scout was reluctant to risk himself.

"Mr. Cody has since served with me as post guide and scout at Fort McPherson, where he frequently distinguished himself. * * * *

"In the summer of 1876 Cody went with me to the Black Hills region, where he killed Yellow Hand. Afterwards he was with the Big Horn and Yellowstone expedition. I consider that his services to the country and the army by trailing, finding, and fighting Indians, and thus protecting the frontier settlers, and by guiding commands over the best and most practicable routes, have been far beyond the compensation he has received."

Thus it will be seen that notwithstanding it may sometimes be thought his fame rests upon the pen of the romancer and novelist, had they never been attracted to him (and they were solely by his sterling worth), W. F. Cody would none the less have been a character in American history. Having assisted in founding substantial peace in Nebraska, where he was honored by being elected to the Legislature (while away on a hunt), he has settled at North Platte, to enjoy its fruits and minister to the wants and advancements of the domestic circle with which he is blessed. On the return to civil life of his old prairie friend, Major North, in rehearsing the old time years agone on the Platte, the Republican, and the Medicine, they concluded to reproduce some of the interesting scenes on the plains and in the "wild West."

The history of such a man, attractive as it already has been to the most distinguished officers and fighters in the United States Army, must prove doubly so to the men, women, and children who have heretofore found only in the novel the hero of rare exploits, on which imagination so loves to dwell. Young, sturdy, a remarkable specimen of manly beauty, with the brain to conceive and the nerve to execute, Buffalo Bill par excellence is the exemplar of the strong and unique traits that characterize a true American frontiersman.

Across the Continent With the Fifth Cavalry.

Captain George F. Price's history of this famous regiment recounts its experience from the time it was known as the Second Dragoons to the present, giving the historical record of its officers among whom are numbered many of the most distinguished military leaders known in our national annals, such as Gen. Albert Sydney Johnson, Gen. George H. Thomas, Gen. Robert E. Lee, Gen. John Sedgwick, Generals Hardee, Emory, Van Dorn, Merritt, Carr, Royall, Custer, and others of equal note. Besides alluding in many of its pages to incidents, adventures, and conduct of the favorite guide and scout of the regiment, W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill"), Captain Price completes a narrative of brave men and daring deeds by "flood and field" with following biographical sketch (page 583) of W. F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill."

W. F. CODY—BUFFALO BILL.

"William F. Cody was born in Scott County, Iowa. He removed at an early age to Kansas, and was employed as a herder, wagonmaster, and pony express rider. He went to Pike's Peak during the excitement which followed the discovery of gold in Colorado, but, failing of success, returned to Kansas and became a trapper on the Republican River. In the fall of 1861 he was a government scout and guide at Fort Larned, Kan., and in 1862 served as a scout and guide for the Ninth Kansas Cavalry, being chiefly employed in Arkansas and Southwestern Missouri. In 1863 he enlisted in the Seventh Kansas Cavalry, and served in Tennessee, Mississippi, Missouri and Kansas, and participated in several battles. He was made a non-commissioned officer and served as a scout for his regiment after the battle of Tupelo. He was honorably discharged at the end of the war, and engaged in various business pursuits until the spring of 1867, when he made a contract, for a monthly compensation of five hundred dollars, to deliver all the buffalo meat that would be needed for food purposes for a number of laborers on the Kansas Pacific Railway in Western Kansas, and during this engagement—a period of less than eighteen months—he killed four thousand, two hundred and eighty buffaloes. This remarkable success gained for him the name of Buffalo Bill. When hunting buffalo, Cody would ride his horse, whenever possible, to the right front of a herd, shoot down the leaders, and crowd their followers to the left until they began to run in a circle, when he would soon kill all that he required. Cody again entered the Government service in 1868 as a scout and guide, and, after a series of dangerous rides as bearer of important dispatches through a country which was infested with hostile Indians, was appointed by Gen. Sheridan chief scout and guide for the Fifth Cavalry, which had been recently ordered from reconstruction duty in the Southern States for a campaign against the hostile Sioux and Cheyennes. He joined a detachment of the regiment at Fort Hays, Kansas, and was engaged during the fall of 1868 in the combats on Bear and Shuter Creeks and north branch of Solomon River. He then served with the Canadian River expedition during the winter of 1868-69, and became deservedly conspicuous for cheerful service under dispiriting circumstances and the successful discharge of important duties. He marched with a battalion of the regiment across the country from Fort Lyon, Col., to Fort McPherson, Neb., during May,

1869, and was engaged on route in the combat at Bearer Creek, Kan., where he rendered an important and brilliant service by carrying dispatches from a detached party to the cavalry camp after a soldier courier had been driven back by the Indians; and again at Spring Creek, Neb., three days later, where, when the advance guard under Lieutenant Babcock was surrounded by a large force of the enemy, he was distinguished for coolness and bravery."

Cody was appointed chief scout and guide for the Republican River expedition of 1869, and was conspicuous during the pursuit of the Dog Soldiers, under the celebrated Cheyenne chief, Tall Bull, to Summit Springs, Col. He also guided the Fifth Cavalry to a position whence the regiment was enabled to charge upon the enemy and win a brilliant victory. He afterwards participated in the Niobrara pursuit, and later narrowly escaped death at the hands of hostile Sioux on Prairie Dog Creek, Kan., September 26, 1869. He was assigned to Fort McPherson when the expedition was disbanded, and served at that station (was a Justice of the Peace in 1871) until the Fifth Cavalry was transferred to Arizona. He served during this period with several expeditions, and was conspicuous for gallant conduct in the Indian combat at Red Willow and Birdwood Creeks, and also for successful services as chief scout and guide of the buffalo hunt which was arranged by General Sheridan for the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia.

Cody was then assigned to duty with the Third Cavalry, and served with that regiment until the fall of 1872, when he was elected a member of the Nebraska Legislature, and thus acquired the title of "Honorable." But, accepting the advice of Eastern friends, he resigned his seat in the Legislature and also his position of scout and guide at Fort McPherson, and proceeded to Chicago, where he made his first appearance as an actor in a drama entitled "The Scouts of the Plains," winning an instant success.

He continued in the theatrical business until the beginning of the Sioux war in 1876, when he discharged his company, hastened to Cheyenne, Wyo., joined the Fifth Cavalry, which had recently returned from Arizona, and was engaged in the affair at War Bonnet (Indian Creek), Wyo., where he killed in a hand-to-hand combat the Cheyenne chief, Yellow Hand. He then accompanied the Fifth Cavalry to Goose Creek, Mon., and served with the Big Horn and Yellowstone expedition until September, when business engagements compelled him to return to the Eastern States. Cody abundantly proved during this campaign that he had lost none of his old-time skill and daring in Indian warfare. He enjoys a brilliant reputation as a scout and guide, which has been fairly earned by faithful and conspicuous service.

He is modest and unassuming and free from the common faults of the typical frontiersmen. His present lucrative business has made him widely known throughout the country. He has valuable property interests at North Platte, Neb., and is part owner of an extensive cattle ranch on Dummal River, sixty-five miles north of North Platte, having for a partner in the business Major Frank North, who is well known as the widom commander of the celebrated Pawnee scouts.

William F. Cody is one of the best scouts and guides that ever rode at the head of a column of cavalry on the prairies of the Far West. His army friends, from general to private, hope that he may live long and prosper abundantly.

Should the wild Sioux again go on the war-path, Cody, if living, will be found with the cavalry advance, riding another "Buckskin Joe" and carrying his Springfield rifle, "Lucretia," across the pommel of his saddle.

FROM COL. DODGE'S "THIRTY YEARS AMONG THE INDIANS," PAGE 628.

"Of ten men employed as scouts nine will prove to be worthless; of fifty so employed one may prove to be really valuable, but, though hundreds, even thousands of men have been so employed by the Government since the war, the number of really remarkable men among them can be counted on the fingers. The services which these men are called on to perform are so important and valuable that the officer who benefits by them is sure to give the fullest credit; and men honored in official reports come to be great men on the frontier. Fremont's reports made Kit Carson a renowned man. Custer immortalized California Joe. Custer, Morris, and Carr made William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) a plain's celebrity 'UNTIL TIME SHALL BE NO MORE.'"

CAPTAIN A. H. BOGARDUS.

This rugged specimen of the hardy American hunter and honored sportsman was born in Berne County, New York State, and commenced shooting when but fifteen years of age, his first armament consisting of the "old flint lock" musket, his career thus covering the era of advancement in gunnery from that ancient arm to his present superb piece of mechanism known as the "William and C. Scott & Sons' gun," of Birmingham, England. Removing in 1856 to the broad prairies of Illinois, he found himself in the then paradise of the hunter, and where his acquired skill could be used to commercial advantage. Game being plenty, he commenced hunting, trapping for the market, and with his tent and outfit making expeditions of three and four months' duration year after year, and passing through the inevitable adventures attendant on such a life, relishing its joys, overcoming its obstacles by his natural enthusiasm in his work, while at the same time he handsomely supported a wife and large family, while not neglecting the injunction regarding "the rainy day." During the Rebellion he served as a captain in the 145th Regiment, Ill. Vol., from whence he derives the title that he has so worthily worn in many a victorious struggle in friendly contests at home and abroad when representing in foreign lands his country's colors as its "champion" against "the best man of the Old World."

Published hooks for sale on the grounds contain a minute history of the Captain's career, and are replete with valued information to the shooting fraternity. He first won the title of "Champion of America" at Fleetwood Park, New York, 1871, afterwards shooting matches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and going to England with the American Rifle Team, he



added to our national honors by winning sixteen matches and the "World's Championship Medal" and, as he has never been defeated for these titles and holds undisputed possession of the coveted trophies that he has honorably retained—"according to the rules"—he can look calmly back on an unblemished professional record that fully justified him in issuing:—

CAPTAIN A. H. BOGARDUS'S VALEDICTORY.

ELKHART, ILL., November 26, 1883.

Editor American Field: In your issue of September 15 you published a letter from a prominent shot, addressed to another person, who likewise lays claim to the title of "Champion Shot of the World," and in response thereto I wrote a communication which you kindly gave wide publicity to by a place in your columns.

Said communication from me was a letter in which I made the very true assertion that "there could not be two champions for any one thing," and to show my willingness to back up my claims to the honored title of "Champion Shot of the World," a title which I have won and claim, I issued the challenge which you published, and certainly expected that said challenge would be accepted by some of the so-called champion shots, especially as I placed in your hands a deposit of two hundred and fifty dollars as a forfeit on one or all matches that might follow the publication of my letter in the *American Field*, for it was open to any man in the world.

Twelve years ago I won the title of "Champion Pigeon Shot of America," and since then no one has wrested from me that championship, while upon going to England with the American Rifle Team in '75 I issued a challenge to the United Kingdom, and faced my adversaries, who accepted in eighteen matches, all of which I won.

I also afterwards won a medal as "Champion Shot of the World," and in returning to England in '78 captured a cup there for the same honored title.

Perhaps, to give the public, whom I address through your columns, a better idea of my claim to the name of "Champion Shot," it would be well to here mention certain matches that I have won against famous and formidable persons, the championship which I assert I have the sole right to:

In 1871, at Fleetwood Park, I shot a match with Mr. Paine, whom I challenged, in which my score was 87 out of 100, besides killing seven more pigeons that fell out of bounds.

Paine's score was 85.

Paine challenged me the same year, and we met at Dexter Park, Chicago, with the following result:

Bogardus, 91.

Paine, 89.

In 1872 I shot with Kleinman at Dexter Park, my score being 93 to Kleinman's 89.

Kleinman then challenged me, to be again beaten.

Next followed my match with Tinker, of Rhode Island, in 1873, at Dexter Park, when I came out 87 to Tinker's 85.

Having held the badge over two years, it now became my property, but, under the rules, I put it up again, and accepting a challenge from Mr. Kleinman, we shot at Joliet, Ill., when I again won.

Meeting King at Chicago, I shot for \$1,000 a side, single birds, fifty each, twenty-one yards' rise, and killed 50, King getting 41.

Double birds, I got 85 and King 75 out of 100, at twenty-one yards' rise.

At Dexter Park I undertook a match against time, viz.: to kill 500 pigeons in ten hours and forty-five minutes, with one gun, and load my own gun. I accomplished it in eight hours and forty-eight minutes, shooting an old-fashioned muzzle-loader, and thousands of dollars changed hands that the feat could not be accomplished.

Score of a match to kill one hundred birds in one hundred consecutive shots, load as I please, I accomplished at Dexter Park.

At Jerseyville, Ill., to kill fifty birds in eight minutes, I killed fifty-three out of fifty-four in four minutes and forty-five seconds.

In a match at Stamford, Conn., to kill thirty-eight out of fifty birds, two traps, forty yards apart, to be pulled at same time and to stand between the traps, I killed the 38 out of 42, best birds found by Paine, who tripped against me.

In a match of some kind at Omaha, I killed 39 out of 44 shots.

In a sweepstakes, the same day, I killed an aggregate of 49 out of 50, shooting at single and double birds, fifteen pair double, killing all.

I issued a challenge in *Chicago Tribune* to any man in America to shoot a pigeon match, fifty single and fifty double rises, for from \$500 to \$5,000 a side, which was not accepted.

I also issued a great many other challenges, which were never accepted, even when I offered, in some of them, to give one or two yards the advantage.

Again, in the *Chicago Tribune* I challenged any man in America to shoot prairie chickens against me in the field for one or two weeks, on the same ground, for a stake of \$100 to \$500 a side, the men killing the greater number to take the stakes and all the game.

Through the *Turf, Field and Farm* I challenged all comers for field and pigeon shooting, the fields being in Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, or Kansas, and the winning man to take all the game and stakes.

Again, I challenged any man to shoot a pigeon match, one hundred single and fifty double rises, for stakes from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a side, birds to be put into one basket and trap and handle out of same lot of birds.

None of these challenges were accepted, nor was my bet taken, \$100 against \$500, that I could kill one hundred snipes in the field, in succession without a miss.

Now, as to my work in England, when, after my shooting in 1875, it was claimed that I had not shot against the best men.

These assertions occasioned my return to England in 1878, and then it was that I challenged all crack shots in the world.

This challenge was accepted by Mr. Cholmondeley Pennell, whom I did not find as hard to beat as I did find it hard to pronounce his Christian name.

This match was for \$3,000 and a silver cup, and the latter I now have at my home in Elkhart, Ill.

Captain Shelley, of the army, and a man who stood at the head of crack shots, next met me for \$1,000 a side, and I bagged his \$1,000 by making 84 out of 100 splendid birds, and which is the best score ever made in England at that kind of shooting.

After Captain Shelley they put to the front Mr. Ambry Corentyn, who had won a gold cup and the English championship as the best average shot.

In this match I scored 79 out of 100, and the stakes were \$5,000, which went into my pocket, while thousands of pounds changed hands on the result, for Englishmen will back heavily their best men, and here let me say in one word, that, upon the old saying, "take a man as you find him," that I found English sportsmen gentlemen to the manor born, true as steel, and most sportsmanlike and fair in all their dealings, even in defeat.

I shot also many other matches, too numerous to give details of here, in all of which I was victorious, excepting in one case, where I suffered defeat; but my challenge to my victor immediately after, when I offered to bet two to one upon my success in a second match, was declined with thanks.

In pigeon shooting I have made the highest records that have ever been made in the world, and there are the general odds now offered, of a hundred dollars to ten, that they cannot be equaled by any one.

Let me also say that at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, July 2, 1880, at thirty yards, from five ground-traps, I killed 99 birds out of 100 single.

At Howell, Mich., 1880, I got 93 out of 100.

At Lincoln, Ill., I broke 300 glass balls in succession.

At Bradford, Pa., I broke 990 glass balls out of 1,000.

In New York city, loading my own gun and changing barrels every one hundred shots, I broke 1,000 glass balls in one hour, one minute, and fifty-four seconds.

In Agricultural Hall, London, using three guns, two traps, and at fifteen yards, I broke 1,000 glass balls in one hour, six minutes, and fifty-nine seconds.

In New York I accomplished the greatest feat of my life, as far as endurance, rapid shooting and accuracy were concerned, for I broke 5,500 glass balls in seven hours, nineteen minutes and two seconds out of 5,854, loading my own gun and changing barrels about every fifty shots.

After this match I was laid up for several days with a lame arm that was most painful, and an aching head, and could realize fully the work I had accomplished, and which was a feat of endurance that many prominent New York physicians, who were present, asserted could not be done, as the physical and nervous system of man could not stand the strain.

But I could go on *ad infinitum*, taking up your valuable space with matches that I have won, and upon which I rest my claim to the name of "Champion Shot of the World."

The medals, badges and cups which I have won, both in England and America, I have not had wrested from me, and consequently hold to-day, when I retire from the shooting arena, as it has long been my intention to do, upon reaching my half-hundred years of life.

When appearing in public, in my shooting acts, I wear these badges, and have my cups at hand, that all may be seen to be bona fide, and just what they are represented to be in every particular, and which were won as follows:

1st. The old "Rhode Island Badge," for American Championship, won at Fleetwood Park, N. Y., May 23, 1871.

2d. The "Lorillard Medal," for pigeon shooting championship for five traps, won at Stamford-Conn., October 4, 1874.

3d. "Championship Medal of the World," won at Welsh Harp, Hendon, England, August 7, 1875.

4th. "Championship Glass-Ball Medal," won at Deerfoot Park, N. Y., in the Fall of 1877.

5th. Silver gold-lined vase, worth \$500, for Championship of England, won June 20, 1878, at London Gun-Club Grounds.

6th. Silver goblet, \$250 value, won at Hurlingham Gun-Club Grounds, England, the only public match ever shot on these grounds, July 23, 1878.

7th. A Maltese cross badge of gold, won in the Coventry Match, England. This I prize above all others.

Upon the 19th day of last September I was fifty years of age, and to keep to my determination, I issued on October 20 the challenge, addressed to one person in particular, and open to all, and which the *American Field* published, for I was not willing to retire from "match shooting" without giving all who called themselves champions a fair opportunity to capture from me the honors I had won.

That challenge has now been published five weeks, holding it open one week over the month required for answer, and no response having come to it, I hereby publicly withdraw, with my medals, badges and cups, from the championship, and leave the field to others, with the hope that the best man may win the coveted prize, which proves that there is so much in a name.

In writing this long letter I have been egotistical, for the subject called for egotism; but my claims I have placed before the public as modestly as it is in my power to do, and by the public I am to be judged as to whether I have assumed a title to which I have no right, or one that I have consciously won after long years of arduous work, worry and painstaking.

In conclusion let me add that, certainly expecting to have my challenge accepted by some of the noted shots, I secured through William Read & Son, of Boston, Mass., agents for W. & C. Scott & Son, of London, England, a shot-gun for this special match, and no better piece did man ever hold in his hand than I have found that gun to be, for it is perfect throughout, stock and barrel, having two sets of barrels, and weighing seven pounds one and a quarter ounces.

But as I have not been forced to use it, my retiring challenge to defend the championship to the last remaining unanswered, will serve me well in the spring, when, as a partner of the Hon. W. F. Cody—Buffalo Bill—in the "Buffalo Bill Wild West Show," I go on the road to do my "shooting acts," and will be accompanied by my four sons, aged respectively eighteen, thirteen, eleven and eight years, and those whom no better marksmen of their ages live, as can be tested by any one who cares to challenge them to prove my words, while my oldest son, of eighteen, will meet any adversary of any age, with shot-gun or rifle, as he also wears championship rifle badges for glass-ball shooting.

Thanking the *American Field* for its many favors, and regretting to occupy so much of its valuable space, I am, with respect,

CAPTAIN A. H. BOGARDUS.

CAPTAIN BOGARDUS'S SONS—EUGENE, PETER, EDWARD, HENRY.

The distinguished exponent of marksmanship, Captain A. H. Bogardus, has been singularly blessed in his domestic relations, and is the proud father of a large family—three daughters, all married, and four sons. The eldest, Eugene Bogardus, is nineteen years of age, and became so early imbued with a love for his father's profession that, when eleven years old, he was quite an expert in the field, having the practical experience that association with such an adept tutor could alone give. When the father went to England, in 1878, young Eugene accompanied him, and shot his first match with a gentleman at Woolwich Gardens, London. The contest was at eleven birds, twenty-six yards rise, English rules, when he astonished the natives by tying his opponent, each scoring 9 birds—English swift-flying bluebirds—out of 11. He gave exhibitions throughout England and at the Paris Exhibition—everywhere the "young American" creating genuine surprise, and receiving many tokens of appreciation. Returning home, he won the "Boys' Champion Medal," and having added rifle shooting to his accomplishments, entered for the championship of glass-ball shooting with rifle from the trap. The conditions were "to shoot with Winchester rifle at 100 glass balls sprung from a Bogardus trap," and he won the same with a score of 77, and retained it for the required two years over all-comers. All the known rifle shots soon to him easy of accomplishment—hitting two glass balls thrown in the air, half dollars, quarters, nickels, marbles, etc., with a bullet. The correspondent of the very reliable *American Field* thus notes an exhibition at Leadville last summer:—

"The rifle-shooting of Eugene is simply marvelous, and his feat of shooting double balls, both thrown into the air at the same time, will be found difficult to equal by any living person with a rifle. He breaks the two balls within a foot of each other, and to satisfy any 'doubting Thomas' as to his ability to break balls out of a trap, he broke ten straight with his forty-four Winchester, and, to top off with, broke two pairs of doubles with the same little rifle. Who can equal that? The truth is, he captured the town, and Eugene can find five thousand dollars backing him here against any rifle-shot in the world, barring no man living," and from present indications it seems highly probable that in young Eugene Bogardus the auditor sees "the coming man," the future champion marksman of the world.

Edward is now thirteen years of age, and has been behind the gun for the last three years, is a good shot with the rifle, and is very successful as a wing shot after quail, snipe, etc., in the field.

Peter commenced practice at eight years of age, is now eleven, and is fast becoming proficient with both rifle and shot-gun.

Henry is now nine years old and began his public career when seven, traveling with his father exhibiting in Cole's Circus, shooting with a .32-calibre rifle glass balls from the captain's fingers. He handles a shot-gun with skill, and is without doubt "a chip of the old block" and the most precocious marksman before the public.

The record of this remarkable family speaks for itself, and their personal popularity is founded on the possession of those social, moral and refined traits that go to make the American gentleman and enthusiastic sportsman.

Major FRANK J. NORTH, Chief of Pawnee Scouts.



Frank North, as he is familiarly called upon the prairies, was the first man to enlist Indians in the United States service, he having organized a band of twenty-seven young Pawnee warriors and been made Lieutenant over them.

Major North is a native of New York State, and was born in 1840; but his father removed to Nebraska, settling near Columbus, in the winter of 1856-57, and directly thereafter was frozen to death at Emigrant Crossing, on Big Pappillion Creek, while trying to secure wood for his suffering family.

Shortly after the death of his father young North joined a party of trappers—McMurray, Glass, and Messenger—and began taking beaver and otter on the tributaries of Platte River; but, meeting with indifferent success, returned to Columbus and engaged in anything that promised remuneration, as the family was almost entirely dependent on him for support.

In 1860, being now twenty years of age, Frank procured employment with Agent DePuy, at the Pawnee Indian Reservation. Here, while performing his other duties, he acquired such a thorough knowledge of the Pawnee language that in the following year he was engaged as interpreter by the Indian Commissioner.

From the breaking out of the Sioux war, in 1864, Major North began to win a name for himself as a man who had no superior for bravery, and whose abilities as a scouting officer were something wonderful, while his management of his Pawnee Indian scouts was perfect, he having them under better discipline and control than their own chiefs could gain over them.

Acting under orders from Gen. Custer, Lieut. North enlisted one hundred more Pawnee warriors, who were then equipped like the regular cavalry, and North was commissioned Captain.

On the 13th of January, 1865, the company was mustered into service, the delay being due to difficulties regarding their acceptance by the Government, but when regularly put on the muster rolls Capt. North began active operations. Learning of depredations being made by the Sioux in the neighborhood of Julesburg, he took forty of his Pawnees and proceeded directly to the scene of trouble. On the route to Julesburg he was horrified to find the bodies of no less than fourteen white persons, pilgrims on their way to Pike's Peak, mutilated beyond recognition; their scalps torn off, tongues cut out, legs cut open, and bodies full of arrows. Julesburg had also been attacked, and the garrison was on the point of yielding when rescued. North now pushed after the Sioux with all possible speed, and, meeting with twenty-eight of the incarnate devils, he fell upon them with such irresistible force that not a single Sioux in the party escaped his vengeance.

These Indians whom North had thus annihilated were a predatory band from Red Cloud's forces, and had done an inestimable amount of damage through the section they had invaded. Only a few days previous to their disastrous meeting with Capt. North this same party had suddenly attacked Lieut. Collins, with fourteen men, and killed the entire party.

Shortly after this successful sortie, Capt. North was ordered to pursue a body of twelve Cheyennes and punish them for atrocities committed in the neighborhood of Fort Sedgwick. Taking twenty of his Pawnees, he got on the Cheyenne trail, and, after following it about thirty miles, came up with the enemy, whom he found in line of battle. At the first volley, however, the Cheyennes fled, followed hard by Capt. North. In this pursuit the Pawnees were unable to keep up with their captain, as their horses were too badly jaded to endure extra riding. Capt. North, however, was mounted on a superior animal, and, being full of desperate pluck, was determined to kill one Cheyenne at least. Looking back, at length, he saw his men fully a mile behind him, and several of them dismounted. Realizing the danger of his position, he took deliberate aim and fired at the Cheyennes, one of whom tumbled from his pony dead. At this the other Indians turned on the Captain, and he was compelled to flee for his life.

The Indians rode rapidly after him, shooting constantly, until a bullet struck the Captain's horse in the side, rendering him unfit for further travel. Leaping to the ground, Capt. North used his horse for a breastwork, from which he fired until the position had become too dangerous. He then started to run, but after getting several yards he remembered the two holsters on the saddle, each containing a loaded revolver, and he boldly returned for these. With these pistols he fought the Cheyennes nearly half an hour longer, and until relieved by Lieut. Small. This fight, one of the most daring ever made, is still spoken of, and the story frequently told over and over again among Western men, who almost reverence the name of Frank J. North.

In March following, while acting under the orders of Gen. Augur, Capt. North raised a battalion of two hundred Pawnees, who were divided into four companies and taken to Fort Kearney, where they were equipped for cavalry service. He was then given a Major's commission, and, with his Indian soldiers, guarded construction trains on the Union Pacific Railroad until its completion to Ogden. In this service he was engaged almost constantly with depredating Sioux and Cheyennes, who descended on the construction trains at every opportunity. After the road had reached Utah, large shipments of silver were being made almost weekly, and as this precious metal was brought into stations in large bricks, which, for want of other storage, was usually piled up on and about the platforms to await shipment, Major North's Indians had also to perform the duty of guarding the precious metal.

When the road was completed, Major North retired to a ranch on Dismal River, sixty-five miles north of North Platte, where he went into the cattle raising business. Buffalo Bill, after his first meeting with Major North at Fort McPherson, served with him on several campaigns, and in this service a very warm friendship sprang up between them, which led to the formation of a copartnership in the cattle ranch on Dismal River. The firm of Cody & North is known among cattle men in every part of America; they now have seven thousand head of cattle and four hundred head of horses, and to every one who calls at their ranch there is a hearty, white man's welcome. Major North, aside from his reputation as an Indian fighter and brave man, is a gentleman of the most generous and noble instincts, popular with all classes, and a friend honest and honorable to the end.

Major North is at present, and has been for several terms, a member of the Nebraska Legislature.

THE HUNT OF THE BISON.

The late-lamented "Texas Jack" gave the following laconic, yet realistic description of this exciting sport in *Wilder's Spirit*, March 28, 1877:

FORT McPHERSON, NEB.,

March 1, 1877.

DEAR SPIRIT: My old friends, W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") and Major North, paid me a visit the other evening, having returned from a successful hunting trip. The camp fire *tête à tête* reminded me of my first buffalo hunt with Indians. If I don't get like the butcher's calf and "Kind o' give out," I'll try and give you an idea of one of the most exciting scenes I ever saw or read of, not excepting my school-boy impression of Andy Jackson's boo-doo at New Orleans. I thought I had seen fun in a Texas cattle stampede, been astonished in a mustang chase; but it wasn't a marker, and it made me believe that Methuselah was right when he suggested that the oldest could "live and learn." It is a pity the old man didn't stick it out. He could have enjoyed this lesson.

A few years ago I was deputized United States Agent, under Major North, to accompany a party of Pawnee and Ponca Indians. Although "blanket Indians" (living wild), they have for a long time been friends of the Government, and have done excellent service under command of the justly celebrated Major Frank North, whose famed Pawnee scouts (now at Sidney, Neb.) have always been a terror to the Sioux nation. Owing to their hatred of each other, it is necessary to send an agent with them to prevent "piepies," and also to settle disputes with the white hunters. As Major North was in poor health at that time, this delicate task fell to me.

As I don't like to be long-winded, I'll pass over the scenes and incidents of wild Indian camp life, the magnificent sight of a moving village of "nature's children," looking like a long rainbow in the bright colors of their blankets, beads, feathers, war paint, etc., etc., as it would form a full chapter, and skip an eleven-days' march from the the Loup River Reservation to Plum Creek, on the North Platte, where our runners reported.

Early in the evening, as we were about making camp, my old friend, Baptiste, the interpreter, joyfully remarked: "Jack, the blanket is up three times—fun and fresh meat to-morrow."

There was a great powwow-ing that night, and all the warriors were to turn out for the grand "buffalo surround," leaving the squaws and papooses in the village.

Just before daybreak, there was a general stir and bustle on all sides, giving evidence of the complete preparations making for the coming events. As it was dark, and I busied in arranging my own outfit, thinking of the grand sight soon



to be witnessed, and wondering how I would "pan out" in the view of my "red brothers," I had not noticed the manner of their own arrangements in an important particular that I will hereafter allude to.

At a given signal all started, and, when the first blue streaks of dawn allowed the moving column to be visible I had time to make an inspection of the strange cavalcade, and note peculiarities. I saw at once, placed at a disadvantage, the "white brother."

I had started fully equipped—bridle, saddle, lariat, rifle, pistol, belt, etc.—and astride of my pony. They, with as near nothing in garments as Adam and Eve, only breech clout and moccasins, no saddle, no blanket, not even a bridle, only a small mouth rope, light bow and a few arrows in hand—in fact not an ounce of weight more than necessary, and, unlike myself, all scudding along at a marvelous rate, leading their fiery ponies, so as to reserve every energy for the grand event in prospect.

Taking it all in at a glance, your "humble servant," quite abashed, let go all bolts and slipped off his crutcher, feeling that the Broncho looked like a Government pack mule. I at once mentally gave up the intention of paralyzing my light rigged side pards in the coming contest. As they were all walking, I thought the buffaloes were quite near; but what was my surprise, as mile after mile was scored, that I gradually found myself dropping slowly but surely behind, and, so as not to get left, compelled every now and then to mount and lope to the front, there to perceive from the twinkling eyes of friend "Lo" a smile that his otherwise stolid face gave no evidence of. How deep an Indian can think, and it not be surface plain, I believe has never been thoroughly measured. Just imagine this "lick," kept up with apparent ease by them for ten or twelve miles, and you may get a partial idea of your friend Jack's tribulations.

Fortunately, I kept up, but at what an expense of muscle, verging on a complete "funk," you can only appreciate by a similar spasm.

About this time a halt was made, and you bet I was mighty glad of it. Suddenly two or three scouts rode up. A hurried council was held, during which the pipe was passed. Everything seemed to be now arranged, and, after a little further advance, again a halt, when, amid great but suppressed excitement, every Indian mounted his now almost frantic steed, each eagerly seeking to edge his way without observation to the front.

About two hundred horses almost abreast in the front line, any one hundred and fifty wedging in half way between formed a half second line, and one hundred struggling for place—a third line; the chiefs in front gesticulating, pantomiming, and, with slashing whips, keeping back the excited mass, whose plunging, panting ponies, as impatient as their masters, fretted, frothed, and foamed—both seemed moulded into one being, with only one thought, one feeling, one ambition, as with flashing eye they waited for the signal, "Go," to let their pent-up feelings speed on to the honors of the chase.

Their prey is in fancied security, now quietly browsing to the windward in a low, open flat, some half a mile wide and two or three mile long, on top of a high divide, concealed from view by risings and breaks. Gradually they approach the knoll, their heads reach the level, the backs of the buffalo are seen, then a full view, when Pi-ta-ne-sha-n-du (Old Peter, the head chief) gives the word, drops the blanket, and they are "off."

Whew! whee! thunder and lightning! Jerome Parks, and Hippodromes! talk of tornadoes, whirlwinds, avalanches, water-spouts, prairie fires, Niagara, Mount Vesuvius (and I have seen them all except Old Vesuv.); boil them all together, mix them well, and serve on one plate, and you will have a limited idea of the charge of this "light brigade." They fairly left a hole in the air. With a roar like Niagara, the speed of a whirlwind, like the sweep of a tornado, the rush of a snow-slide, the suddenness of a water-spout, the rumbling of Vesuvius, with the fire of death in their souls, they pounce on their prey, and in an instant, amid a cloud of dust, nothing is visible but a mingled mass of flying arrows, horses' heads, buffaloes' tails, Indian heads, half of ponies, half of men, half of buffalo, until one thinks it a dream, or a heavy case of "jim-jams."

I just anchored in astonishment. Where are they? Ah! there is one; there is another, a third, four, five. Over the plains in all directions they go, as the choice meat hunters cut them out, while in a jumbled mass, circling all around is the main body. The clouds of dust gradually rise as if a curtain was lifted, horses stop as buffaloes drop, until there is a clear panoramic view of a busy scene, all quiet, everything still (save a few fleet ones in the distance); horses riderless, browsing proudly, conscious of success; the prairie dotted here, there, everywhere with dead bison; and happy, hungry hunters skinning, cutting, slashing the late proud monarch of the plains.

I was so interested in the sight that I came near being left, when fortunately a lucky long-range shot (the only one fired during the day) at a stray heifer saved my reputation. In about two hours every pony was loaded, their packing being quite a study that would need a deserved and lengthy description. It was wonderful.

As I had a heap of walk out, I proposed to ride in, so took a small cut of choice meat—a straight cut—for camp. Every pony was packed down only mine, seeing which "Peter's papoose" ("the sun chief") invited himself up behind. Talk of gall—an Indian has got more cheek than a Government mule. He laughed at my objections, but as he had loaned me the pony I had to submit. He even directed the gait, and kept up a continual jabbering of "Wisgoots, ugh! de-gonartsonse stuk-ees, ugh!" which I afterward learned meant "Hurry up; I am tired, hungry, and dry—bow!"

A reproduction, as far as practical, of the method of buffalo hunting, will be a feature of the Buffalo Bill's "Wild West," with a herd of bison, real Indians, hunters, and Western ponies.

Jim Lawson.

Jim Lawson, The Roper, is a rare combination of plain's lore, cow-sense, horsemanship, general Western nerve and knowledge that makes the first-class cowboy—so invaluable an aid to the capitalist, the herd-owner and the ranchman—one whose connection in that line elevates the business and its followers to a point that acquaintanceship ensures respect for the one and admiration of the other, and repels the obloquy caused by the "rascal" and the "terror." For years a part in engagements with Buck Taylor he joined him when employed by Messrs. Cody and North on the range up the Diamond, and accompanied them as one of the prominent exponents of the use of the lariat in scenes in the Wild West. Gentlemanly in conduct, courteous in intercourse, he is one to whom is applicable the following extract on the subject from Col. Dodge's "Thirty Years on the Frontier":

"For fidelity to duty, for promptness and vigor of action, for resources in difficulty and unshaken courage in danger, the cowboy has no superior among men."

Capt. D. L. PAYNE,

The Distinguished Cimarron Scout and "Oklahoma" Raider.

Pluck and energy have consolidated their forces in the character of this bold adventurer. Born in Grant County, Indiana, in 1836, he is the tall and muscular development of the Wabash idea. At the age of eighteen his restless disposition caused him to seek the wild West and excitement in the fierce Mormon war then waging on the frontier. Doniphan County, Kansas, was his first settlement, but meeting with indifferent success in quiet pursuits, he became a professional hunter, in which occupation he prospered, and soon formed an intimate acquaintance with such prominent plains-men as Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill, Kit Carson, California Joe, General Custer, etc. Bold always, and a fond lover of the prairie and wilderness, Capt. Payne explored the course of the Cimarron River, and became thoroughly familiar with all that romantic and wild country now known as the Indian Territory, through which he made scores of perilous journeys as a Government scout. At the breaking out of hostilities in 1861, he joined the army, and fought for three years as a private, refusing in the meantime six tenders of commissions. In the fall of 1864 Capt. Payne was elected to the Kansas Legislature from Doniphan County, and in 1870 he was similarly honored in Sedgewick County.

In the spring of 1868 Capt. Payne distinguished himself as an Indian fighter, leading a movement against the Northern Cheyennes under Tall Bull, who was subsequently killed by Buffalo Bill. This war was precipitated by a terrible massacre, committed near Jules City, Kansas, and the abduction of three white women by the Cheyennes. Payne raised a volunteer force of several hundred men, and acting as both commander and guide, he found the Indians and fought them for more than a week, with dreadful slaughter on both sides. The three women, however, he succeeded in re-capturing, and also killed nine famous Indian chiefs, besides completely breaking the power of the tribe.

In 1873, while serving as first assistant door-keeper of the House of Representatives, Washington, Payne discovered that the Indian title to a large portion of Indian Territory had become extinguished by an Act of Congress, 1866, preparing the right of way for the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad. He then set about the formation of a colony to enter upon and take possession of these incomparably beautiful lands, which comprise 27,000,000 acres, and to which he gave the name Oklahoma. Thus began one of the most persistent, indomitable efforts ever directed by any person in America to wrest illegal privileges from corporate monopolies. These lands are, beyond doubt, a part of the public domain, subject to pre-emption, but large cattle companies are grazing their vast herds on this public land free of any cost, and for this reason they have raised a pool of \$500,000, which they are using to prevent an occupation of the country by actual settlers.

Capt. Payne's Oklahoma colony comprises nearly 10,000 persons, many of whom have followed their intrepid leader into the territorial wilderness and there reared their cabins, only to be arrested or driven out by the U. S. military. No less than eleven different raids have been made into the Territory by Payne, though each one was attended by extreme privation and followed by arrest, without any other than arbitrary authority from the military. He has been denied the right of trial in the civil courts, and but for his great courage would have suffered other punishments. The Indians have surrounded his cabin in the lonely solitude of those primeval forests, threatened his life, tried to burn his home, and watched day and night for opportunity to murder him; but ever on the alert, Payne has defied the danger which threatened; with trusty Winchester he has defended his cabin against scores of his wily foes, and laid low many prowling night-lawks, until his very name has become a terror to the Indians of that region. To continue this fight against the greed of remorseless capitalists, Capt. Payne has endured much hardships as few men have been forced to suffer, proving himself true to principle, and a frontier hero of just renown—a man who cannot be intimidated nor awayed by hardships from his purposes and duty. While waiting for certain developments in his still continued contest, Capt. Payne will accompany, for recreation only, his old friend Buffalo Bill's "Wild West," to renew again the cherished object so dear to the "progressive spirit of the Oklahoma Raiders."

"BUCK" TAYLOR, King of the Cowboys.

Wm. Levi Taylor, known to his associates as "Buck," was born at Fredericksburgh, Gillespie County, Texas, and is now about thirty years of age. Frontiersmen come from all grades of society and from all classes of people, who develop peculiarities of their early surroundings and circumstances; therefore it is seldom the Kautera public meet face to face one so thoroughly "to the manner born" or who is so completely a typical Westerner by ancestry, birth and heritage of association as this noted herdman, whose eminence is based on the sterling qualities that rank him as a "King of the Cowboys." His family lived in Texas, in the Lone Star State, when tributary to Mexico; fought for its independence with Crockett and Col. Travis at the Alamo, where a grandfather and uncle fell—under Sam Houston at San Jacinto, and after success had crowned a new empire with liberty, but two male members of the family were left. "Buck's" father and a younger brother. Joining the Texas Cavalry at the outbreak of the late war his father was killed in one of the first skirmishes, and in two years after, his mother dying, left him when about eight years old dependent upon his ranchman uncle and good luck to wrestle for existence. Texas—always famous for its immense herds of cattle roaming at will over the vast and fertile plains, was then, as now, the supply camp of the trade—gave unusual facilities; in fact, required the cultivation of sturdy qualities to follow daily a life so replete with privations, hardship and danger that it is a marvel to the luxuriously raised how a man can voluntarily assume it, much less come to actually like it to infatuation. Still this solitary life, with its excitements and adventures, has its charms for its votaries, who, often knowing of none other, never weary of its continuous duties, trials and exposures. Taylor from his childhood then knew no other ambition than to try and excel in his occupation, and inheriting a strong physique, he early became hardy and proficient in horsemanship, lassoing, and general "cow-sense." Becoming able, he soon became famous as a "boss of the outfit" on the ranges and on the trail, conducting vast herds over the "Chisholm" to the Northern markets, leading in the stampede, excelling on the round-up, and gaining such distinction as a rider and tamer of the mustang and broncho that his surname has become obsolete among his confreres and he is known from Idaho to the Rio Grande by the cognomen of "Buck." A title worthily won in a profession of great risk and danger, and which his appearance in daily public exhibitions gives a very good idea of, but when seen in the corral among herds of the obstinate equines, challenges the admiration of the spectator and the envy of his kind. His remarkable dexterity won the attention of Major North and Buffalo Bill and they secured his services for several seasons on their ranch on the Dismal River, where his feats of strength, easily throwing a steer by the horns or tail, lassoing and tying single-handed, his mastery of wild horses, caused his engagement with the review of prairie-land, "The Wild West." Standing six feet three and a half inches, with a powerful, well-proportioned frame, possessed of a strength that is marvellous, he is a fine representative of his class. Amiable as a child, "Buck's" genial qualities combined, with his well-known abilities, make him a favorite not only with his fellows, but on his first visit East last summer easily had the same position accorded him by an admiring public.



THE WILD WEST Buffalo Bill's
ROCKY MOUNTAIN & PRAIRIE EXHIBITION

HISTORICAL COACH OF THE DEADWOOD LINE.

The Indians attack on which will be represented in Buffalo Bill's "Wild West," and also its rescue by the Scouts and Plainsmen.

A Historical Coach of the Deadwood Line.

The denizens of the Eastern States of the Union are accustomed to regard the West as the region of romance and adventure. And, in truth, its history abounds with thrilling incidents and surprising changes. Every inch of that beautiful country has been won from a cruel and savage foe by danger and conflict. In the terrible wars of the border which marked the early years of the Western settlements, the men signalized themselves by performing prodigies of valor, while the women, in their heroic courage and endurance, afforded a splendid example of devotion and self-sacrifice. The history of the wagon trains and stage coaches that preceded the railway is written all over with blood, and the story of suffering and disaster, often as it has been repeated, is only known in all of its horrid details to the bold frontiersmen, who, as scouts and rangers, penetrated the strongholds of the Indians, and, backed by the gallant men of the army, became the *avant couriers* of Western civilization and the terror of the red man.

Among the most stirring episodes in the life of the Western pioneer are those connected with the opening of new lines of travel, for it is here, among the trails and canyons, where lurk the desperadoes of both races, that he is brought face to face with danger in its deadliest forms. No better illustration of this fact is furnished than in the history of the famous DEADWOOD COACH, the seared and weather-beaten veteran of the original "star route" line of stages, established at a time when it was worth a man's life to sit on its box and journey from one end of its destination to the other. The accompanying picture affords an idea of the old relic, and it is because of its many associations with his own life that it has been purchased by "Buffalo Bill" and added to the attractions of his "GREAT REALISTIC EXHIBITION OF WESTERN NOVELTIES."

It will be observed that it is a heavily-built Concord stage, and is intended for a team of six horses. The body is swung on a pair of heavy leather underbraces, and has the usual thick "perches," "Jacks," and brakes belonging to such a vehicle. It has a large leather "boot" behind, and another at the driver's footboard. The coach was intended to seat twenty-one men—the driver and two men beside him, twelve inside, and the other six on the top. As it now stands, the leather blinds of the window are worn, the paint is faded, and it has a battered and travel-stained aspect that tells the story of hardship and adventure. Its trips began in 1875, when the owners were Messrs. Gilmour, Salisbury & Co. Luke Voorhees is the present manager. The route was between Cheyenne and Deadwood, via Fort Laramie, Rawhide Buttes, Hat or War Bonnet Creek, the place where Buffalo Bill killed the Indian chief "Yellow Hand," July 17, 1876, Cheyenne River, Red Canyon, and Custer. Owing to the long distance and dangers, the drivers were always chosen for their coolness, courage, and skill.

In its first season the dangerous places on the route were Buffalo Gap, Lame Johnny Creek, Red Canyon, and Squaw Gap, all of which were made famous by scenes of slaughter and the devilry of the banditti. C conspicuous among the latter were "Doc" Middleton, who is now in prison in Nebraska; "Curley" Grimes, who was killed at Hogan's Ranch; "Peg-Legged" Bradley; Bill Price, who was killed on the Cheyenne River; "Dunk" Blackburn, who is now in the Nebraska State Prison, and others of the same class, representing the most fearless of the road agents of the West.

On the occasion of the first attack, the driver, John Slaughter, a son of the present marshal of Cheyenne, was shot to pieces with buckshot. He fell to the ground, and the team ran away, escaping with the passengers and mail, and safely reached Greely's Station. This occurred at White Wood Canyon. Slaughter's body was recovered, brought to Deadwood, and thence carried to Cheyenne, where it is now buried. The old coach here received its "baptism of fire," and during the ensuing summer passed through a variety of similar experiences, being frequently attacked. One of the most terrific of these raids was made by the Sioux Indians, but the assault was successfully repelled, although the two leading horses were killed. Several commercial travelers next suffered from a successful ambush, on which occasion a Mr. Liebman, of Chicago, was killed, and his companion shot through the shoulder.

After this stormy period it was fitted up as a treasure coach, and naturally became an object of renewed interest to the robbers; but, owing to the strong force of what is known as "shotgun messengers" who accompanied the coach, it was a long time before the bandits succeeded in accomplishing their purpose. Among the most prominent of these messengers were Scott Davis, a splendid scout and one of the self-appointed undertakers of many of the lawless characters of the neighborhood; Boone May, one of the best pistol shots in the Rocky Mountain regions, who killed Bill Price in the streets of Deadwood, together with "Curley" Grimes, one of the road agents; Jim May, a worthy brother—a twin in courage if not in birth. Few men have had more desperate encounters than he, and the transgressors of the law have had many an occasion to feel the results of his keen eye and strong arm whenever it has become necessary to face men who are prepared to "die with their boots on." Still another of these border heroes (for such they may be justly termed) is Gail Hill, now the deputy-sheriff of Deadwood, and his frequent companion was Jesse Brown, an old-time Indian fighter, who has a record of incident and adventure that would make a book. These men constituted a sextette of as brave fellows as could be found on the frontier, and their names are all well known in that country.

At last, however, some of them came to grief. The bandits themselves were old fighters. The shrewdness of one party was offset by that of the other, and on an unlucky day the celebrated Cold Spring tragedy occurred. The station had been captured, and the road agents secretly occupied the place. The stage arrived in its usual manner, and, without suspicion of danger, the driver, Gene Barnett, halted at the stable door. An instant afterwards a volley was delivered that killed Hughey Stevenson, sent the buckshot through the body of Gail Hill, and dangerously wounded two others of the guards. The bandits then captured the outfit, amounting to some sixty thousand dollars in gold.

On another occasion the coach was attacked; and, when the driver was killed, saved by a woman—Martha Canary, better known at the present time in the wild history of the frontier as "Calamity Jane." Amid the fire of the attack, she seized the lines, and, whipping up the team, safely brought the coach to her destination.

When Buffalo Bill returned from his scout with Gen. Crook, in 1876, he rode in this self-same stage, bringing with him the scalps of several of the Indians whom he had met. When afterwards he learned that it had been attacked and abandoned and was lying neglected on the plains, he organized a party, and, starting on the trail, rescued and brought the vehicle into camp.

With the sentiment that attaches to a man whose life has been identified with the excitement of the far West, the scout has now secured the chuch from Col. Voorhees, the manager of the Black Hills stage line, and hereafter it will play a different rôle in its history from that of inviting murder and being the tomb of its passengers. And yet the "Deadwood Coach" will play no small part in the entertainment that has been organized by Buffalo Bill and partners for the purpose of representing some of the most startling realities of Western life, in a vivid representation of one of the Indian and road agents' combined attacks.



Terrors of a Stampede.

The Cow Boys.

Among the many features of "the wild West," not the least attractive will be the advent in the East of a band of veritable "cow-boys," a class without whose aid the great grazing Pampas of the West would be valueless, and the Eastern necessities of the table, the tan-yard, and the factory would be meagre. These will be the genuine cattle herders of a reputable trade, and not the later misnomers of "the road," who, in assuming an honored title, have tarnished it in the East, while being in fact the cow-boys' greatest foe, the thieving, criminal "rustler." To *Wilkes' Spirit*, of March, the editor is indebted for a just tribute and description of the American ranchman.

THE COW-BOY.

"The cow-boy! How often spoken of, how falsely imagined, how greatly despised (where not known), how little understood! I've been there considerable. How sincerely referred to, and how little appreciated, although his title has been gained by the possession of many of the noblest qualities that form the romantic hero of the poet, novelist, and historian: the plainsman and the scout. What a school it has been for the latter! As "tall oaks from little acorns grow," the cow-boy serves a purpose, and often develops into the most celebrated ranchman, guide, cattle king, Indian fighter, and dashing ranger. How old Sam Houston loved them, how the Mexicans hated them, how Davy Crockett admired them, how the Comanches feared them, and how much you "heef-ers" of the rest of the country owe to them, is a large-sized conundrum. Composed of many "to the manner born," but recruited largely from Eastern young men, they were taught at school to admire the deceased little Georgie in exploring adventures, and, though not equalling him in the "cherry-tree goodness," were more disposed to kick against the hullozing of teachers, parents, and guardians.

As the rebellious kid of old times filled a handkerchief (always a handkerchief, I believe) with his all, and followed the trail of his idol, Columbus, and became a sailor boy, the more audacious and adventurous youngster of later days (raises on to a double-barreled pistol, and steers for the bald

prairie to seek fortune and experience. If he don't get his system full, it's only because the young man weakens, takes a lark snail, or fails to become a Texas cow-boy. If his Sunday-school m'am has not impressed him thoroughly with the chapter about our friend Job, he may at first be astonished; but he'll soon learn the patience of the old hebe, and think he pegged out a little too soon to take a fall in. As there are generally openings, likely young fellows can enter, and not fail to be put through. If he is a stayer, youth and age will be no disadvantage for his start in, as certain lines of the business are peculiarly adapted to the light young horsemen, and such are highly esteemed when they become thoroughbred, and fully possessed of "cow sense."

Now, "cow sense" in Texas implies a thorough knowledge of the business, and a natural aptitude to divine every thought, trick, intention, want, habit, or desire of his drove, under any and all circumstances. A man might be brought up in the States swinging to a cow's tail, yet, when in Texas, would be as useless as a last year's hen's nest with the bottom punched out. The boys grow old soon, and the old cattle-men seem to grow young; thus it is that the name is applied to all who follow the trade. The boys are divided into range-keepers and branders, round-drivers and hunters, trail-guides and leasers.

As the animals have now put an end to the old-time trips, I will have to go back a few years to give a proper estimate of the duties and dangers, delights and joys, trials and troubles, when off the ranch. The ranch itself and the cattle trade in the State will flourish in their old-time glory, but are being slowly encroached upon by the modern improvements that will, in course of time, wipe out the necessity of his day, the typical subject of my sketch. Before being counted in and fully endorsed, the candidate has had to become an expert horseman, and test the many eccentricities of the stubborn mustang; enjoy the beauties, learn to catch, throw, fend, — oh! yes, gently fend (but not from behind) — and ride the "docile" little Spanish-American plug, an amusing experience in itself, in which you are taught all the mysteries of fear and fear, stop and drop, lay and roll, kick and lunge on and off, under and over, heads and tails, hand signals, triple somersaults, standing on your head, diving, flip-flops, getting left (these leaving you fifteen miles from camp) — Indian in the neighborhood, etc.), and all the funny business included in the funder term of "bucking;" then learn to handle a rove, catch a calf, stop a crazy cow, throw a beef steer, play with a wild bull, lasso an untamed mustang, and daily endure the dangers of a Spanish mobster, with a little Indian arrow thrown in, and if there is anything left of you they'll christen it a first-class cow boy. Now his troubles begin (I have been wren to a finished and many a time before I began); but after this he will learn to enjoy them — after they are over.

As the general trade on the range has often been described, I'll simply refer to a few incidents of a trip over the plains to the cattle markets of the North, through the wild and unsettled portions of the Territories, varying in distance from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles — time, three to six months — extending through the Indian Territory and Kansas to Nebraska, Colorado, Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, and sometimes as far as California. Immense herds, as high as thirty thousand or more in number, are moved by single owners, but are driven in bands of one to three thousand, which, when under way, are designated "herds." Each of these have from ten to fifteen men, with a wagon driver and cook, and the "king

THE WILD WEST INDIAN RACES.



you in the outfit," I am sure, with a supply of two or three ponies to a man, on or team, and blankets; also jerked beef and corn meal — the staple food. They are also furnished with mavericks or "double-owned" yearlings for the fresh meat supply. After getting fully under way, and the cattle broke in,

from ten to fifteen miles a day in the average, and everything is plain sailing, in fair weather. As night comes on, the cattle are rounded up in a small corral, and held until they are down, when two men are left on watch, riding round and round them in opposite directions, singing or whistling all the time. For two hours, that being the length of each watch. This singing is absolutely necessary, as it seems to soothe the fears of the cattle, scares away the wolves or other vermin that may be prowling around, and prevents them from leaving any other accidental sound, or dreaming of their old homes, and if stopped would, in all probability, be the signal for a general stampede. "Musio hath charans to soothe the savage breast," if a cow-boy's compulsory bawling out lines of his own composition,

Lay nicely now, cattle, don't heed any rattle,
But quietly rest until morn;
For if you steeaddle, we'll jump in the saddle,
And head you as sure as you're born,

can be considered such.

Some poet may yet make a hit
On the odds and ends of cow-boys' wit.

But on nights when "Old Prob" goes on a spree, leaves the burg out of his water barrel above, prowls around with his flash box, raising a breeze whispering in tones of thunder, and the cow-boy's voice, like the rest of the outfit, is drowned out, steer clear, and prepare for action. If then quizzards don't go home, torn tail to the storm, and strike out for civil and religious liberty, then I don't know what "strick out" means. Ordinarily so clumsy and stupid-looking, a thousand beef steers can rise like a flock of quail on the roof of an exploding powder mill, and will scud away like a tumble weed before a high wind, with a noise like a receding earthquake.

Talk of "Sheridan's ride, twenty miles away!" That was in the daytime, but this is the cow-boy's rule with Texas five hundred miles away, and then steers steering straight for home; night time, darker than the word means, hog wallows, prairie dog, wolf, and badger holes, ravines and precipices almid, and, if you do your duty, these thousand stampeding steers behind. If your horse don't swap ends, and you hang to them till daylight, you can bless your lucky stars. Many have passed in their checks at this game. The remembrance of the few that were lost in the Bovey a few years ago will give an approximate idea of three thousand raving h-vines on the warpath. As they tear through the storm at one flash of lightning, they look all talk, and at the next flash all horns.

The next great trouble is in crossing streams, which are invariably high in the driving season. When cattle strike swimming water they generally try to turn back, which eventuates in their "milling" that, in resuming in a circle, and, if allowed to continue, would result in the drowning of many. There the daring herder must leave his pony, doff his togs, scramble over their backs and horns to soothe them, and, with whoops and yells, splash, dash, and ditches in the water, scare them to the opposite bank. This is not always done in a moment, for a steer is no fool of a swimmer; I have seen one hold his own for six hours in the Gulf after having jumped overboard. As some of the steers are very rapid, and a quarter to half a mile wide, considerable drifting is done. Then the naked herder has plenty of amusement in the hot sun, fighting green head flies and mosquitoes, and peeping ground for Indians, until the rest of the lay-out is put over—not an easy job. A temporary boat has to be made of the wagon box, by tacking the canvas cover over the bottom, with which the ammunition and grub is ferried across, and the running gear and ponies are swum over afterwards. Indian fights and horse thefts are part of the regular routine. Mixing with other herds and cutting them out, again avoiding too much water at times, and hunting for a drop at others, makes up the regular routine.

Buffalo chips for wood a great portion of the way (your mistake in wet weather), and the avoiding of prairie fires later on, varies the monotony. In fact it would fill a book to give a detailed account of a single trip, and it is no wonder the boys are hilarious when it ends, and, like the old toper, "swears no more for me," only to return and go through the mill again.

How many, though, never finish, but mark the trail with their silent graves! no one can tell. But when Gabriel toots his horn, the "Chisholm trail" will swarm with cow-boys. "Howsoever, we'll all be there," let's hope, for a happy trip, when we say to this planet, adieu!

J. R. OGDENBURG (TEXAS JACK).

Among the leading celebrities in the present party will be the renowned BUCK TAYLOR, a man whose great strength, nerve, endurance, and skill is historical in the West; JIM LAWSON, equally distinguished as a lassoist and roper; Bud Ayers, Dick Bean, and others, who will appear in feats of horsemanship, riding bucking mustangs, roping cattle, throwing buffalo, etc., eclipsing in agility and danger the Spanish matadors of old.



The Vaquero of the Southwest.

Between the "cow-boy" and the "vaquero" there is only a slight line of demarcation. The one is usually an American reared from boyhood to the excitements and hardships of his life, and the other represents in his blood the stock of the Mexican, and the other represents in his blood the stock of the Mexican, and the other represents in his blood the stock of the Mexican.

In their work, the methods of the two are similar; and, to a certain extent, the same is true of their associations. Your genuine vaquero, however, is generally, when off duty, more of a dandy in the style and get-up of his attire than his careless and impetuous counterpart. He is fond of gently sloping, and when you see him riding well mounted into a frontier town, the first thought of an Eastern man is that a circus has broken loose in the neighborhood, and this is one of the performers. The familiar broad-brimmed sombrero covers his head, a rich jacket, embroidered by his sweetheart perhaps, envelopes his slender shoulders; a sash of blue or red silk is wrapped around his waist, from which protrude a pair of revolvers; and buckles in silver, slit from forehead to knee, and ornamented with rows of pearls or silver buttons, complete his attire, save that enormous spurs, with jingling pandantes, are fastened to the bridle, and announce in no uncertain sound the presence of the broad-based vaquero in full dress.

The saddle is of the pure Mexican type, with high pommel, whereon hangs the invisible lariat, which in his hands is almost as certain to a rifle shot. Occasionally he is a peaceful young fellow, but when the whiskey is present in undue proportions he is a good individual to avoid. Like the cow-boy, he is brave, nimble, careless of his own life, and reckless, when occasion requires, of those of other people. At heart he is not bad. The dependence on the fact that he possesses it in a sufficient degree at least for his own protection. True types of this peculiar class, seen nowhere else than on the plains, will be among the attractions of the show; and the men will illustrate the methods of their lives in connection with the pursuit and catching of animals, together with the superb horsemanship that is characteristic of their training.



The Wild Equine Rover of the Plains, and his Captor.

Shakespeare on the Horse.

IN "VENUS AND ADONIS."

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The heaving earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow sound resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron hit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-pricked, his braided hanging mane
Upon his compassed crest now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again
As from a furnace, vapors doth he send;
His eye, which scornfully glimmers like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curves, and leaps,
As who should say, Lo! thus my strength is tried;
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What reeketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flustering hollo, or his "Stand, I say!"
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur,
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
Nor nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would engrave the life
In limning out a well-proportioned steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the doud the living should exceed;
So did this horse exceed a common one,
In shape, in color, courage, pace, and bone.

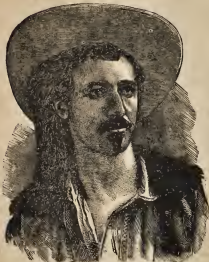
Round hoof'd, short jointed, shaggy and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostrils wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide.
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Dead, but not Forgotten.

Jack Crawford, familiarly known as "Captain Jack, the Post Scout of the Black Hills," wrote the following lines, just after the "Custer Massacre," upon receiving the following dispatch from Buffalo Bill: "Jack, old boy, have you heard of the death of Custer?"



GEN. CUSTER.



TEXAS JACK—J. B. OMOHUNDRO.



WILD BILL—JAS. B. HICKOCK.

CUSTER'S DEATH.

Did I hear the news from Custer?
Well, I reckon I did, old pard;
It came like a streak of lightning,
And, you bet, it hit me hard.
I ain't no hand to blubber,
And the briny ain't run for years;
But chalk me down for a lubber,
If I didn't shed regular tears.

What for? Now look you here, Bill,
You're a bully boy, that's true;
As good as e'er wore buckskin,
Of fought with the boys in blue;
But I'll bet my bottom dollar
Ye had no trouble to muster
A tear, or perhaps a hundred,
At the news of the death of Custer.

He always thought well of you, pard,
And had it been heaven's will,
In a few days more you'd met him,
And he'd welcome his old scout Bill.
For, if you remember, at Hat Creek,
I met ye with General Carr;
We talked of the brave young Custer,
And recounted his deeds of war.

But little we knew even then, pard,
(And that's just two weeks ago),
How little we dreamed of disaster,
Or that he had met the foe—
That the fearless, reckless hero,
So loved by the whole frontier,
Had died on the field of battle
In this our centennial year.

I served with him in the army,
In the darkest days of the war;
And I reckon ye know his record,
For he was our guiding star;
And the boys who gathered round him
To charge in the early morn,
Was just like the brave who perished
With him on the Little Horn.

And where is the satisfaction,
And how will the boys get square?
By giving the reds more rifles?
Invite them to take more hair?
We want no scouts, no trappers,
Nor men who know the frontier;"

Well, old boy, you're mistaken,
We must have the volunteer.
Never mind that two hundred thousand,
But give us a hundred instead:
Send five thousand men towards Reno,
And soon we won't leave a red.
It will save Uncle Sam lots of money;
In fortress we need not invest;
Just roll up the devils this summer,
And the miners will do all the rest.

The Black Hills are filled with miners,
The Big Horn will soon be as full,
And which will show the most danger
To Crazy Horse and old Sitting Bull—
A band of ten thousand frontier men,
Or a couple of forts with a few
Of the boys in the East now enlisting?
Friend Cody, I leave it with you.

They talk of peace with these demons
By feeding and clothing them well;
I'd as soon think an angel from Heaven
Would reign with contentment in Hell.
And one day the Quakers will answer
Before the great Judge of us all,
For the death of daring young Custer
And the boys who round him did fall.

Perhaps I am judging them harshly,
But I mean what I'm telling ye, pard;
I'm letting them down mighty easy,
Perhaps they may think it is hard.
But I tell you the day is approaching—
The boys are beginning to muster—
That day of the great retribution,
The day of revenge for our Custer.

And I will be with you, friend Cody,
My weight will go in with the boys;
I shared all their hardships but winter,
I shared all their sorrows and joys.
Tell them I'm coming, friend William;
I trust I will meet you ere long.
Regards to the boys in the mountains;
Yours, ever, in friendship still strong.

On the 17th of July, 1876, at Hat or War Bonnet Creek, W. F. Cody ("Buffalo Bill") fought and killed the Cheyenne Chief, Yellow Hand, in a single-handed encounter, in front of Gen. Wesley Merritt, Gen. E. A. Carr, the Fifth United States Cavalry, and the chief's band of 800 warriors, and thus scored the first scalp for Custer.

On the 17th of July.



DEATH OF YELLOW HAND—CODY'S FIRST SCALP FOR CUSTER.

The Bow and Arrow.

The bow is the natural weapon of the wild tribes of the West. Previous to the introduction of firearms it was the weapon supreme of every savage's outfit, in fact his principal dependence, backed by personal skill in its use, for sustenance for himself and his papposes. It still retains its favor, as it is not always safe to rely on the white man's mechanism, as in case of lack of ammunition or deranged lock or trigger, time and location prevent it being "mended." As a weapon of economy it is also to be commended, as the hunting arrow is made so that the rear shoulders of the long tapering blade slope backward, thus facilitating its withdrawal from the wounded game. On the other hand, in the war arrow, the rear shoulders slope forward, forming barbs, as it is intended to remain and eventually kill. The possession, therefore, of firearms has not affected the Indian's love of this reliable weapon of the chase, which being his first childish plaything is still, no matter how well armed or rich he may be, an indispensable possession. At short distances it is a terribly effective arm, and the Indian expert can seize five to ten arrows in his left hand and dispatch them with such rapidity that the last will be on its flight before the first touches the ground. In close quarters they prefer to rely on it to depending on the rifle, as it can be of deadly force at thirty to forty yards, and creating a bad wound at much greater distance. In buffalo hunting, where the horseman can approach near, it is invaluable and economic, and is often buried to the feathers. "Two Lance," an Indian chief, during the Grand Duke's hunt, sent an arrow clear through a bison, Alexis retaining the light-winged messenger of death as a souvenir of his hunt on the American Plains.



The Pawnees Astonished.

W. F. Cody, although having established his right to the title of "Buffalo Bill" for years before, had not had opportunity to convince the Pawnees of the justice of the claim previous to the time of the following incident. A short while previously a band of marauding red-skin renegades from that nation, while on a stealing excursion near Ellsworth, had occasion to regret their temerity and cause to remember him to the extent of three killed, which fact for a time resulted in an enmity that needed something out of the usual run to establish him in their favor. While on a military expedition under Gen. E. A. Carr upon the Republican he met Major North and the Pawnee scouts. One day a herd of buffalo were described, and Cody desired to join in the hunt. The Indians objected, telling the Major "the white talker would only scare them away." Seventy-three Indians attacked the herd and killed twenty-three. Later in the day another herd were discovered, and Major North insisted that the white chief have a chance to prove his skill. After much grumbling, they acquiesced grudgingly, and with ill-concealed smiles of derision consented to be spectators. Judge of their surprise, when Cody charged the herd, and single-handed and alone fairly amazed them by killing forty-eight buffalo in thirty minutes, thus forever gaining their admiration and a firm friendship that has since often accrued to his benefit.



Chasing Meat into Camp.

Colonel Royal's Wagons.

Once upon the South Fork of the Solomon, Col. Royal ordered Cody to kill some buffalo that were in sight to feed his men, but declined to send his wagons until assured of the game. Bill rounded the herd, and, getting them in a line for camp, drove them in and killed seven near headquarters; or, as the colonel afterwards laughingly remarked, "furnishing grub and his own transportation."

An Indian's Religion.

The Indian is as religious as the most devout Christian, and lays as much stress on form as a Ritualist. He believes in two Gods, equals in wisdom and power.

One is the Good God. His function is to aid the Indian in all his undertakings, to heap benefits upon him, to deliver his enemy into his hands, to protect him from danger, pain, privation. He directs the successful bullet, whether against an enemy or against the "beasts of the field." He provides all the good and pleasurable things in life. Warmth, food, joy, success in love, distinction in war, all come from him.

The other is the Bad God. He is always the enemy of each individual red man, and exerts to the utmost all his powers of harm against him. From him proceed all the disasters, misfortunes, privations, and discomforts of life. All pain, suffering, cold, disease, the deadly bullet, defeat, wounds, and death.

The action of these two Gods is not in any way influenced by questions of abstract right or morality as we understand them.

The Good God assists in everything he wishes or proposes to do. If it is to steal a horse or the wife of a friend, to kill another Indian or raid a settler's escape, but remains with or hovering near the remains, even after complete decomposition.

As the soul is always conscious of its isolation and its exclusion from the joys of paradise, this death has peculiar terrors, and he infinitely prefers to suffer at the stake, with all the tortures that ingenuity can devise, than die by hanging.

The other eternal disaster is by scalping the head of the dead body. This is annihilation; the soul ceases to exist. This accounts for the eagerness of Indians to scalp all their enemies, and the care they take to avoid being scalped themselves. Not unfrequently Indians do not scalp slain enemies, believing that each person killed by them, not scalped, will be their servant in the next world. It will be found invariably that the slain foe were either very cowardly or very brave. The first he reserves to be his servant, because he will have no trouble in managing him, and the last to gratify his vanity in the future state by having a servant well known as a renowned warrior in this world.

This superstition is the occasion for the display of the most heroic traits of Indian character. Reckless charges are made and desperate chances taken to carry off unscalped the body of a loved chief, a relative, or friend. Numerous instances have occurred where many were killed in vain efforts to recover and carry off unscalped the bodies of slain warriors. Let the scalp be torn off and the body becomes mere carrion, not even worthy of burial. A Homer might find many an Indian hero as worthy of immortal fame as Achilles for his efforts to save the body of his friend, and no Christian missionary ever evinced a more noble indifference to danger, than the savage Indian displays in his efforts to save his friend's soul and ensure him a transit to the "Happy Hunting Grounds."—*Col. Dodge in Our Wild Indians.*



"Medicine"—Mystery Man.

ment, it is the Good God to whom he turns for countenance, and by his assistance accomplishes his purpose.

Every thwarted thought or desire is attributed to the influence of the Bad God.

He believes not an hour passes without a struggle between these two Gods on his personal account.

The Indian firmly believes in immortality, and life after death, but the power of these Gods does not extend to it. They influence only in this life, and the Indian's condition after death does not depend either on his own conduct while living, or on the will of either of the Gods.

All precedences and crimes bring, or do not bring, their punishment in this world, and whatever their character in life, the souls of all Indians reach, unless debarred by accident, a paradise called by them "The Happy Hunting Grounds."

There are two ways in which an Indian's soul can be prevented from reaching this paradise. One method is by strangulation. The Indian believes the soul escapes from the body by the mouth, which opens of itself at the moment of dissolution to allow a free passage. In case of strangulation, either by design or even accident, the soul can

"SETH" HATHAWAY,

Who rides the "Pony Express," has passed years upon the prairies, preferring the vicissitudes and dangers of the rover of the Plains to the luxurious surroundings that his family connections, their wishes, and "his future prospects" would assure him.

"CON" T. GRONER, THE COWBOY SHERIFF OF THE PLATTE.

Sheriff Groner, of Lincoln County, Neb., is one of those characters that is essential to the development of the growing civilization of the West, in sections so lately settled and organized that society is just beginning to take permanent root and battle for supremacy with the "transient state of affairs" that always originally exists. When the heterogeneous elements that go to compose a new settlement, the temporary character of the hostlers' intentions, the universal custom of carrying deadly weapons, the recklessness of some, the timidity of others, among a budding community, who at the start are mostly strangers to each other, are taken into account, an idea may be had of the peculiar qualities necessary to a position where the holder almost alone represents all there is to be recognized of law. It is then that force of character, strength of mind and body, promptness and decision, bravery and discretion, can only fill the bill, support law and order, detect and punish crime and hold the law's representative "to the front." That "Con" Groner has been there successfully his repeated election for six successive years to the helm of law in the large county of Lincoln testifies.

Born in Columbiana County, Ohio, removed to the western part of the State when a child, we find him when but a little over sixteen years of age, spurred by youthful patriotism, answering the nation's call by enlisting in Company D, 72d Ohio Regiment, under Colonel R. P. Buckland, when he "went to the front and stayed there." Participating in thirteen general battles, amongst them Fort Donelson, Tupelo, Vicksburg, Holly Springs, Corinth, Guntown, Shiloh, besides skirmishes innumerable, he was wounded seven times, once at Fort Donelson, at Tupelo, Miss., and struck five times at the memorable engagement of Shiloh, each and all wounds being severe, the last severing the cords of the right leg, which impeded his walking but did not prevent his retention of a "seat in the saddle." Appointed by his comrades as a forger, he was so successful and displayed such recklessness as one of the "famous bummers" that he was appointed to the position of scout and as such accompanied General Sherman on his great "march to the sea."

Passing through such an experience while so young, it cannot be wondered at that the spirit of restlessness gained ascendancy and prompted him to look to the West for that excitement and adventure that war's impress had made almost second nature. He wandered westward, and, as bull-whacker, section guard, surveyor's and engineer's help, he was at the advance posts during the construction of the Union Pacific Railroad. Like hundreds engaged in that great work, at its completion, his infatuation for "the lee" and the future prospects of the new country became his anchor, and he located at a point that is now the growing city of North Platte, then a water station in the midst of a hostile people, and for years liable to raids from the red men. At that time no necessity arose that did not find Groner, with his military experience and cool judgment, an able member of the little community, and space will not permit reference to the innumerable episodes and thrilling experiences of the early days passed at the south and north forks of the Platte. As fireman and engineer on the Union Pacific Railroad, when, from prowling savages, bad white men, road agents and train robbers, the situation meant more than the technical ability to attend the throttle-valve, "Con" was never found wanting, exhibiting the personal traits that made him honored and respected by the officials and citizens.

Rapid settlement and the growing grazing interest that the fertile resources of the valley have now made an important center, having overpowered the interests of the redskins, the rapidly accumulating wealth in stock, etc., attracted a more insidious and difficult foe to know, to meet and foil, in the person of the desperado, the rustler, the horse-thief and "bad man of the border," whose strength developed itself until "society was a howling chaos." Law-abiding citizens of the village and the cattle-men of the county combining to cure the evil, decided that a man of nerve, resolution, of known courage and determination was needed for the occasion, selected our subject, and he was installed as High Sheriff of a county in size and interest almost as large as some of the Eastern States.

The position at the time was an unenviable one, as, owing to the lack of restraint and that "something in the life of a cowboy which develops in some the highest virtues, in others germinates the most ignoble vices." In these latter the idea of enjoyment is to fill up with bad whisky, mount the mustang, tear through the streets, whooping, yelling, flourishing and firing pistols, reckless of their own lives, disregarding the lives of others, spoiling for a fight, they become perfect terrorists, and their visits to the frontier towns of Kansas and Nebraska are regarded as a calamity second only to a western tornado.

Sheriff Groner, with rare discretion and judgment, and while allowing "the boys plenty of latitude," soon eradicated this annoyance and at the same time cemented a friendship with the cowboys and their interests that has existed him often in his official necessities, been invaluable to him on the trail of thieves, and gained him such an overwhelming majority at each election through their staunch adherence that he has long been known throughout the West as "Con Groner, the Cowboy Sheriff." Law and order established at home, with "the boys" to back him on the ranges, Sheriff Groner soon became the Nemesis of the lawless. Over fifty murderers, more than that number of horse-thieves, cattle-cutters, burglars and outlaws have been caught and convicted through his efforts, notably the Doc Middleton and his allied gang, and when "Doc" in conjunction with Jesse James's party surrounded North Platte in their contemplated attack on the Union Pacific train at Garnett station, six miles east, Groner's strategy frustrated their plans, captured six, scottered the rest, and saved the train. He has followed horse-thieves 1,900 miles through Nebraska, Idaho and Montana, through sand hills, deep canyons, strange valleys, up mountain peaks, in forest fastnesses, facing the fierce blizzards, sleeping out at night with his saddle blanket for a bed, his saddle for a pillow, his horse and rifle for companions, and hardly ever failed to bag his game. Accompanying Buffalo Bill on many a trail, he comes east now to see the country and assist in the scenes with which he is so familiar, after having assisted in securing tranquility to his section. From his wounds he receives \$24 a month pension, and has a well-stocked horse ranch six miles from the Platte, a charming wife and boy, and is held in high esteem by his neighbors and fellow-citizens and officials of Nebraska, Wyoming, Montana and Colorado, who hold in kindly remembrance the good services of "The Cowboy Sheriff."

"BILL BULLOCK,"

One of the leaders among the cowboys is a half-breed Sioux, and is a good combination of the best blood of that justly-famed fighting nation, allied, through Indian rites and ceremonies, with the blue blood of the East. For daring, intrepidity, and skill, he is unsurpassed, possessing the sterling qualities that cause admiration in the races, red and white.

"FRED." MATTHEWS,

Who manipulates the ribbons of the Old Deadwood Coach, is a man who all his life "has been star" on the Overland and other routes, passing through every stage, and gaining a reputation in the West second to none, and equaling his old friend and compatriot, "Hank Monk."

Captain Bogardus uses the Wm. & C. Scott of Birmingham, England, shot-gun.

W. F. Cody uses rifles and arms manufactured by the Winchester Firearms Co.

The lightning powder of the Leflin & Rand Powder Co. was used in Bogardus's champion matches.

The "Life of Buffalo Bill," Bogardus's "Field, Cover, and Trap Shooting," Bogardus's "Record, Score, and Instruction Book," are for sale on the grounds.

The Rifle as an Aid to Civilization.

There is a trite saying that "the pen is mightier than the sword." It is an equally true one that the bullet is the pioneer of civilization, for it has gone hand in hand with the axe that cleared the forest, and with the family bible and school book. Doubtless as has been its mission in one sense, it has been merciful in another; for without the rifle ball we of America would not be to-day in the possession of a free and united country, and mighty in our strength.

And so has it been in the history of all people, from the time when David slew Goliath, down through the long line of ages, until, in modern times, science has substituted for the stone from David's sling the terrible missiles that now decide the fate of nations. It is not, therefore, so harsh an expression as it seems to be at first sight, that it is indeed the bullet which has been the forerunner of growth and development.

It is in the far West of America, however, and along our frontier, that the rifle has found its greatest use and become a part of the person and the household of the venturesome settler, the guide, the scout, and the soldier; for nowhere else in Christendom is it so much and so frequently a necessity for the preservation of life and the defence of home and property. It is here, too, among the hunters on the plains and in the Rocky Mountains, that one sees the perfection of that skill in marksmanship that has become the wonder of those who are not accustomed to the daily use of weapons. Yet if it were not possessed—if there were not the quick eye, the sure aim, coolness in the moment of extreme danger, whether threatened by man or beast—life in that section would be of little value, and a man's home anything but a safe abiding place.

There are exceptional cases of men like Buffalo Bill, Maj. North, and others, whose names are more or less familiar among the mighty hunters of the West, who excel in the use of rifle and pistol, and to which, time and time again, they and those around them have owed their lives. And they are the worthy successors of a long line of marksmen, whose names are also "familiar as household words." Who does not recall David Crockett and his death-dealing rifle in the Alamo? Daniel Boone, of Kentucky, and the heroic exploits that have been written concerning them in the early pages of our country's history?

It is to the end that the people of the East, or rather those who are not acquainted with the rough life of the border, and especially that portion of it in which the rifle plays so important a part, may personally witness some of the feats of Western men, that Messrs. Cody & Co. have determined to introduce in their "great realistic pictures of Western life" a series of shooting exhibitions, in which they will both have the assistance of the celebrated pigeon shot, Capt. Bogardus. The manner in which buffalo are hunted, the exciting chase at close quarters, the splendidly trained horses who participate in the chase, the hunt for elk, the stealthy devices of Indians in capturing the fleet-footed animals—all these will be illustrated in a manner that never have been witnessed east of the Mississippi River.

The Clay Pigeons.

A device has been invented that is well calculated to put to a severe test the best of marksmen. It may be described as follows:—

In deference to the humanitarian sentiment, these matches are all shot at Ligowsky "clay pigeons," an ingenious mechanical contrivance that furnishes an exact imitation of the bird's flight, and produces all the exciting and pleasurable sensation induced by fine workmanship when live birds are used. Ladies and children can, therefore, witness and enjoy this unique exhibition with no violence to the feelings, while the expert and experienced sportsman can still appreciate the excellence of the shooting, the clay pigeons heightening rather than diminishing the sport.

The pigeons are made of red clay, in the shape of a saucer. They measure four inches in diameter, and are a trifle over an inch in depth. They are very thin and light. Each of them has a flat handle of iron at its side about an inch long. The traps from which they are thrown give every variety and eccentricity of direction to the pigeons projected from them. They are made of iron, and consist of an arm revolved by a spring around a short upright column. At the end of the arm is an apparatus that holds the handle of the pigeon. The trap is set by forcing back the arm and securing it by a drop-catch. When the line attached to the catch is pulled the arm is released, and the spring that works it hurls the pigeon into the air. A joint in the middle of the supporting column enables the trap to be so set that it will throw the pigeon to any desired altitude within the possibilities of the spring. As they are projected sidewise, with the concave side down, their form enables them to float through the air for a distance and with a rapidity that the balls do not attain to. They can be made to describe a long and low or a short and high flight, and as their course is affected by a breeze or sudden gust of wind, as well as by the manner in which the trap is set, a shooter can never anticipate what direction any given pigeon will take.

Indian Names of States.

Massachusetts, from the Indian language, signifying the country about the great hills.

Connecticut was Mohegan, spelled originally Quonch-ta-cut, signifying "a long river."

Florida gets its name from Kaspar de Flores, or "Feast of the Flowers."

Alabama comes from an Indian word, signifying "the land of rest."

Mississippi derived its name from that of the great river, which is in the Natchez tongue, "The Father of Waters."

Arkansas is derived from the word Kansas, "smoky waters," with the French prefix of "ark," a bow.

Tennessee is an Indian name, meaning "The river with a big bend."

Kentucky also is an Indian name, "Kin-tuk-ee," signifying "at the head of the river."

Ohio is the Shawnee name for "The beautiful river."

Michigan's name was derived from the lake, the Indian name for fish-weir or trap, which the shape of the lake suggested.

Indiana's name came from that of the Indians.

Illinois's name is derived from the Indian word "Illini" (men) and the French affix "ois," making "Tribe of men."

Wisconsin's name is said to be the Indian name for a wild, rushing channel.

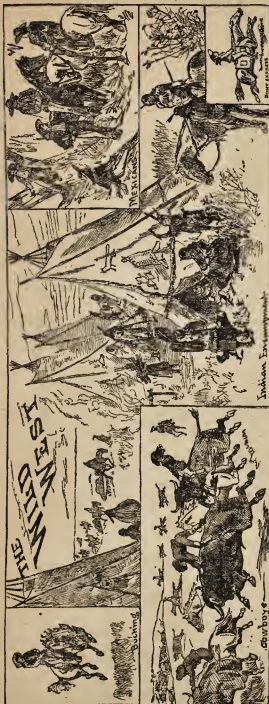
Missouri is also an Indian name for muddy, having reference to the mudiness of the Missouri river.

Kansas is an Indian word for smoky water.

Iowa signifies, in the Indian language, "The drowsy ones," and Minnesota "A cloudy water."

FRANK WHEELAN, "Utah Frank,"

(THE GREAT INDIAN FIGHT AT HORSESHOE.)



Was born on the banks of the Missouri, and raised at Tindor's Point, about eight miles below where now stands the city of Council Bluffs, at a time when the primitive state of that section was almost unmoested. He has followed "the march of empire" in its westward course, and always at the head of the column—riding pony express when a boy from Nebraska City (then the fitting-out depot for "prairie schooner" caravans across the Great Desert) to the Otoe Agency. At the breaking out of the Pike's Peak excitement Frank endured the well-known vicissitudes attendant on a perilous journey to and return from that most disappointing of Eldorados. Fought the savages with General Sully's command, and was in the first party attacked by the Indians in the great outbreak on the South Platte, his partner being the first white man killed, and only by determined fighting and good horse-flesh saved his own scalp. Drove stage on the Overland Route under Old Slide, Hi Kelly, and others, gaining a reputation for alidity and courage in the most dangerous and trying times of that memorable line. Was considered a reliable train-wagon master, during which occupation he received his first idea of a locomotive on the completion of the U. P. R. R. to the Forks of the Platte and the arrival of the first "iron horse," indicating that "Othello's occupation" was gone. He started with others a ranch on the Horseshoe, twenty-eight miles north of Fort Laramie, where occurred the most startling experience of his life; one, the recounting of which will ever be a part of the history of the sanguinary border—in which his gallant and successful struggle against odds, while being well authenticated, will recemore like fiction than fact. Anticipating the result, the ranch building was connected by an underground passage with a bush-covered ravine about sixty feet behind it, with a carefully concealed entrance, the ravine running down the hill to the bottom. One morning in January, 1863, a band of sixty savages were desceried, who surrounded the place and demanded flour, bacon, and provisions, and captured the horses. Being sure of their fate, Wheeling, Marion Thornburg, John Smith, and Bill World determined "to stand them off," and being well-armed, fought them all day successfully, killing two and wounding others, with only a slight flesh-wound to Frank. At night they succeeded in setting fire to the cabin, compelling the little garrison to retreat. When all was still, the gloating victors, thinking the fire had done its work of death, approached, dancing and laughing around the blazing pile. Waiting until well bunched together, the quartet opened a fusillade from their repeating rifles with a murderous energy, born of desperation, so deadly effective and surprising, that consternation reigned supreme. Shouting, yelling, shrieking, halloing, down the hill they scrambled, rolled, or fell, while on an almost parallel line went the four avengers, re-loading as they ran. Assembling at the bottom, a hasty but noisy council was being held, at short range from the gallant four, when, at a quiet signal from Frank, five deadly volleys were poured into the crowd, which seemed doubly demoralizing. In the confusion thus created, and assisted by an unusually dark night out on the level plains—assured by a glimmer of hope, encouraged by a chance for life—ped the little party, and arrived at a ranch kept by two men named Jones and Harper. Hastily waking them, only to find their horses gone, and refreshing up, a start was made for the fort. In the morning the Indians re-appeared, and a running fight for two miles ensued, Jones and Harper both being killed and Thornburg severely wounded. Reaching a point where a stand could be made, sand was thrown up for breast-works, and the now despondent fugitives prepared to sell their lives at the

highest price that total resignation to the inevitable could command. All day long was one strategy after another tried, Thornburg receiving another wound, Smith a bad one in the shoulder, and World one in the arm. Jones and Harper's ranch being well stocked with provisions and whisky, created a diversion, however, and at evening the reds withdrew and held high carnival, as it was afterwards learned, resulting in a row among themselves. A cold, rainy night added to their fortunes, and wounded, foot-sore, yet thankful, they made the fort, survivors of one of the greatest fights in the annals of white and Indian warfare, and living examples of what may be accomplished by "those who never say die." The Indians accord it as the most stubborn and destructive fight they ever had, acknowledging seventeen killed outright and a great many wounded, and after hostilities ceased, looked with wonder on "the heroes of the Horsehoe."

Going to the Sweet Water mines, Frank scouted for the Second Cavalry, Major Gordon, and in '73 was on the Yellowstone with General Custer, and is known as "Utah" Frank. Being an all-round prairie man, he will be found in almost all the scenes represented in Buffalo Bill's Wild West.

The Buffalo.

The Buffalo is the true bison of the ancients. It is distinguished by an elevated stature, measuring six to seven feet at the shoulders and ten to twelve feet from nose to tail. Many there are under the impression that the buffalo was never an inhabitant of any country save ours. Their bones have been discovered in the superficial strata of temperate Europe; they were common in Germany in the eighth century. Primitive man in America found this animal his principal means of subsistence, while to pioneers, hunters, emigrants, settlers, and railroad builders this fast-disappearing monarch of the plains was invaluable. Messrs. Cody & Co. have a herd of healthy specimens of this hardy bovine in connection with their instructive exhibition, "The Wild West."

Cody's Corral; or, the Scouts and the Sioux.

BY "BUCKSKIN SAM."

A mount-enclosed valley, close sprinkled with fair flowers,
As if a shattered rainbow had fallen there in showers;
Bright-plumaged birds were warbling their songs among the trees,
Or flitting their tiny wings in the cooling Western breeze.
The cottonwoods, by mountain's base, on every side high tower,
And the dreamy haze in silence marks the sleepy noontide hour.
East, south, and north, to meet the clouds the lofty mountains rise,
Guarding this little valley—a wild Western Paradise
Pure and untrampled as it looks, this lovely flower-strewn sod—
One scarce would think that e'er, by man, had such a sword been trod.
But yonder, see those wild mustangs by larist held in check,
Tearing up the fairest flora, which fairies might bedeck;
And, near a camp-fire's smoke, we see men standing all around—
'Tis strange, for from them has not come a single word or sound.
Standing by cottonwood, with arms close folded on his breast,
Gazing with his eagle eyes up to the mountain's crest,
Tall and commanding is his form, and graceful is his mien;
As fair in face, as noble, has seldom here been seen.
A score or more of frontiersmen recline upon the ground,
But starting soon upon their feet, by sudden snort and bound!
A horse has sure been frightened by strange scent on the breeze,
And glances now by all are cast beneath the towering trees.
A quiet sign their leader gives, and parting a now are brought;
And, by swift-circling lines, a loose one first is caught.
Then thundering round the mountain's dark adamantine side,
A hundred hideous, painted, and fierce Sioux warriors ride;
While, from their throats, the well-known and horrible death-knell,
The wild, blood-encrusted war-whoop, and the fierce and fiendish yell
Strikes the ears of all, now ready to fight, and even to die,
In that mount-enclosed valley, beneath that blood-red sky!
Now rises thro' the open, on all sides clear and shrill,
The dread led battle-cry of him whom men call Buffalo Bill!
On, like a whirlwind, then they dash—the brave scouts of the plains
Their rifle barrels all crossed by mustangs' flying manes!
On, like an avalanche, they sweep through the tall prairie grass;
Down, fast upon them, swooping, the dread and savage mass!
Wild yells of fierce bravado come, and taunts of deep despair;
While, through the battle-smoke, there flumes each feathered tuft of hair.
And loudly rings the war-cry of fearless Buffalo Bill,
And loudly ring the savage yells, which make the blood run chill!
The gurgling death-cry mingles with the mustangs' shrillest scream,
And sound of dull and golden balls, and bow's brightest gleam.
At length there slowly rises the smoke from heaps of slain,
Whose wild war-cries will nevermore ring on the plain again.
Then, panting and bespattered from the showers of fire and blood,
The scouts have once more halted 'neath the shady cottonwood.
In haste they are reloading, and preparing for a rally,
While the scattered foe, now desperate, are yelling in the valley.
Again are heard revolvers, with their rattling, sharp report;
Again the scouts are seen to charge down on that wild cohort,
Sioux fall around, like dead rods when fiasco's northern blow,
And rapid sink in death before their hated pale-fire foe!
But, another now is music from the mountain's rattling rill,
But wild harrahs instead are heard from our brave Buffalo Bill,
Who, through the thickest carnage, charged ever in the van,
And cheered faint hearts around him, since first the fight began!
Deeply demoralized, the Sioux fly fast with bated breath,
And glances cast of terror along that vale of death;
While the victors quiet dismount, and looking all around,
On their dead and mangled enemies, whose corpses strewed the ground,
"I had sworn I would avenge them"—were the words of Buffalo Bill—
"The mothers and their infants they slew at Medicine Hill.
Our work is done—done nobly—I looked for that from you;
Now, when a cause is just, you need but to stand firm and true!"—*Beadle's Weekly.*

A stirring life picture of a battle between the whites and Indians, showing the tactics and mode of warfare of each, will be given by the skilled members of both races in Buffalo's Bill's representation of scenes in "The Wild West."

John Nelson—"Cha-Sha-Sha-na-po-ge-o",
AND HIS INDIAN FAMILY,



Scenes in the Wild West.

energy, has gained fame and respect among whites and Indians. Being a thorough Plainsman, years ago his standing as a train guide was most enviable, being sought for by all. He guided Brigham Young and the Mormons across the then "Great Desert" to their present location in Utah. He married Chief Lone Wolf's daughter of the Ogallala tribe, has six children whom he supports in comfort by hunting, being especially expert as a trapper of beaver and otter. Nelson is a representative of the best class of "Squaw Men."

Will be one of the objects of interest in the camp of "The Wild West." To the majority of dwellers in the realms of civilization it is hard to realize that hundreds of our own race and blood, very often intelligent and even accomplished men, gladly exchange all the comforts and advantages of our mode of life for the privations and danger, relieved by the freedom and fascinations of the nomads of the Plains. Such, however, is the fact, and many by their marrying into the tribe are adopted as members, achieve tribal honors and possess great influence for good or evil, generally becoming interpreters, through whom all government communications pass. Among the most honored and reliable of these in his section is John Nelson, who, by general honesty of character and



THE WILD WEST



of **Buffalo Bill**
Rocky Mountain & Prairie Exhibition

AN EXCITING SCENE IN THE PRELIMINARY PREPARATIONS:

Lassoing and capturing Wild Buffalo, to be brought over 2,000 miles from their native pastures to assist in adding realism to the great "Wild West."

SEE THE
 "WILD WEST"

Indian War Dance.

Mr. J. H. Connelly, a distinguished New York Journalist relates the following:

"In 1886, upon the occasion of their great trans-continental railroad reaching the 100th parallel, the Union Pacific Railroad Company organized a magnificent excursion, one which boundless liberality, daring originality, and inexhaustible fancy made the excursion of the ages. It cost the company over \$1,500 per person, in cold cash, for every participant in that excursion from Chicago out to the end of the line and back to the starting point. Among the other novel entertainments provided for the company's guests, was

A Glimpse of Real Indian Life.

A band of about sixty Pawnees had been brought from their camp a hundred miles away, down to a convenient place near the railroad, to show to the pale faces some of the distinctive and characteristic features of their existence. The Pawnees were a brave band, who had done gallant service during the late war by their constant activity in fighting the Sioux, who sought to seize that opportunity—when so few United States soldiers could be spared to guard the frontier—to raid our extreme western settlements. In all their fierce encounters with these ancient enemies of their nation, the Pawnees had been led by a white man, whose fame had spread all over the country, and who was, to the excursionists, the most interesting exhibit the company had to offer. That white man was

Major Frank North.

Serving as a scout and leader of this Indian tribe, he held by authority the rank, pay, and emoluments of a major in the regular service. All the honor he had was fairly and hardly won. No political interest, or social influence, or personal "pull" at Washington obtained for him and enabled him to hold that position as War Chief of the Pawnee Nation. It had been got by hard and desperate fighting, by deeds of daring that commanded the admiration of the Indians, by feats of endurance that seemed to them almost superhuman, by skill and cunning in savage warfare that put to the blush their oldest and wildest chiefs. Had one arisen superior to him in any of these characteristics, it is hardly probable that Major North's tawny warriors would have followed him after the advent of a leader greater than he, for the untutored red man, stranger to the pretences of so-called civilization, acknowledges only the mastery of merit superior to his own. But Major North never found his greater on the trail, in the battle, or at the council fire.

A Wild and Fascinating Sight.

that was, which was presented to the excursionists on the occasion of their meeting Major North for the first time. The Indian encampment had been pitched on a sloping plain at the edge of the river Platte. At a little distance from the teepees, a great brush fire darted its lurid tongues of flame up into the black dome of night. Around the fire, in wildest contortions and gesticulations—expressive by a sort of rude but very vigorous pantomime of the incidents of combat with the Sioux—leaped, danced, stamped, crouched, writhed, and wielded their weapons, two score Pawnee braves. Hoarse, guttural exclamations burst from their lips, and they seemed half frenzied with the excitement of the war dance. Several others, seated on the ground beside the ring, beat upon their Indian tom-toms, or rude drums, and chanted in unison the song that by the memories it evoked so excited the dancers. It was

The Pean of a Glorious Deed.

They extemporised it as they went along, and a condensed, rough translation of it, ran:
Let us sing the defeat of the Sioux; the crushing defeat and the shame of the Sioux.
The Sioux fled before the brave Pawnee.
He came to steal horses, but learned that if he could save himself he would do well.
Nineteen days the Sioux fled before the Pawnees, the avengers.
The trail became dim; the pursuers grew weary; their nations were exhausted; their horses were ready to fall.
The young men said,—"We cannot overtake them! Let us go back."
Then said the great chief North,—"Go back ye who are squaws. I will go alone. I will bring back horses and scalps, or my scalp shall hang in the lodge of the Sioux. My knife that is drawn shall not be sheathed in thirst; it shall drink of the blood of the Sioux."
The young men said,—"We are ashamed to go back. The pale-faced chief shall not go alone while a Pawnee lives to follow him."
Seven days more he led them, the pale-faced chief led the Pawnees, into the land of the Sioux.
They overtook the Sioux who sought safety in flight.
Twenty-seven scalps and thirty horses did the pale-faced chief and his Pawnee braves bring back to their lodges.
Not a Sioux was permitted to escape.
The victory was the pale-faced chief's. But for him the braves would have turned back. "He has made the Pawnee proud and his heart glad."

The Hero

of the event thus narrated, wandered meanwhile through the crowd of excursionists bashfully, taking much comfort to himself that not three other white men present understood the language in which his praises were being sung, and looked little like the desperate chief described—of medium height, a figure so admirably proportioned that it seemed even more slender than it was, with light brown hair and mild, pleasant blue eyes, evidently shy in meeting strangers, and meeting an address with an engaging smile and frank openness of expression. Major Frank North looked much more like an amiable gentleman seeking a field for the spiritualizing influence of moral pocket-handkerchiefs, than the fierce leader of savages, who followed a trail for twenty-six days into the enemy's country and tore the reeking scalp from every ultimately overtaken foe. But that's the sort of man he was, all the same, for the Pawnees said so, and they ought to know. What he looks like now, the public will see for themselves, as he will accompany the great troupe organized by his partner, Buffalo Bill.

A PRACTICAL "ALL-ROUND SHOT."

In contradistinction to the many so-called "fancy shots" that have for years been before the public, Buffalo Bill is what may be termed a "practical marksman," and where that expression's full meaning is understood, he is looked on as a marvelous

"all-round shot." That is, a man of deadly aim in any emergency, with any weapon—a small Derringer, a Colt's, a shot-gun, a carbine, a blunderbuss, or a rifle—at any foe, red or white; at any game—chicken, jack-rabbit, antelope, deer, buffalo, bear, or elk; at the swiftest birds or soaring eagle; on foot, in any position; on horseback, at any speed. To be such a marksman is only the result of years of necessity for exercising the faculties of instantaneous measurement of distance, acuteness of vision—in fact, an eagle eye and iron nerves—to think quick, to resolve, to fire, to kill. As a hunter these gifts have rendered him famous, and gained him plaudits from admiring officers, noblemen, sportsmen, and competitors in the chase, and compelled the respect and fear of his impeccable Indian foes. That he exists to-day is the result of the training that enables a man, in the most startling exigency, to command himself, and to meet the circumstances face to face, whatever they may be, and achieve, by cool precision, deserved victory in the field, and embellish history with deeds of heroism. Mr. Cody will give an exhibition of his ability by shooting objects thrown in the air while galloping at full speed, executing difficulties that would receive commendation if accomplished on foot, and which can only be fully appreciated by those who have attempted the feat while experiencing a rapid pace when occupying "a seat in the saddle."

CODY SAVES WILD BILL.

"After a very long march, full of hardships and sufferings, Gen. Penrose's camp was found on the Paludora in a most distracted condition. Gen. Carr's arrival was none too soon, as the famished men were sustaining life on the last carcasses of their draught animals. In a few weeks Black Kettle's depredations necessitated a pursuit. . . . The consolidated command discovered the Indians on the Cimarrone, and a terrific battle ensued. . . . In this fight Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill did almost the work of a regiment; braver men never went into an action, both fighting as though they were invulnerable. In the fury and rout which followed the first charge Wild Bill gave chase to Black Kettle, head chief of the Cheyennes, engaged and overtook the fleeing red warrior, stabbing him to death. But the accomplishment of this heroic action would have cost him his own life, had not Buffalo Bill ridden with impetuous daring into the very midst of fully fifty Indians, who had surrounded Wild Bill, intent on either his capture or death. These two daring and intrepid acrobats plunged furiously into the midst of the Indians, each with a revolver in either hand, and literally carved their way through the



surging mass of redskins, leaving a furrow of dead Indians in their wake. Such fighting, such riding, and such marvelous intrepidity combined, were doubtless never equaled, and if but this act alone were credited to the valor of Wild-Bill and Buffalo Bill, their names would deserve inscription on Fame's enduring monument."—*Buell's History*, page 322.

Cody's Famous Ride, 355 Miles in 58 Hours, through a Hostile Country.

In the spring of 1868, at the outbreak of the violent Indian war, General Sheridan, from his headquarters at Hays City, dispatched Cody as guide and scout to Capt. Parker at Fort Larned. Several bands of Comanches and Kiowas were in the vicinity, and Buffalo Bill, after guiding Gen. Hazen and an escort of twenty men to Fort Sarrh, thirty miles distant, started to return to Larned alone. At Pawnee Rock, about half way, he found himself suddenly surrounded by forty warriors. By professions of friendship and warm greeting of "How! how!" Bill saw he could alone depend on cunning and strategy to escape. Being taken before Santaata, whom Bill knew was expecting a short time before a large herd of cattle which had been promised by Gen. Hazen, he boldly complained to the wily chief of his treatment and informed him that he had been ordered to find him and deliver "a big heap lot who-haws." The cupidity of old Santaata enabled Bill to regain his arms and mule for the purpose. Although declining an escort, he was followed, much to his alarm, by a dozen well-mounted redskins. Keeping up "a heap of thinking" Cody at last reached a depression that hid him from view, and succeeded, by putting the mule at his highest speed, in getting fully a mile in advance before the trailers discovered his object. The result and the closely following incidents of "the ride" are thus related in J. W. Buel's authenticated "History of the Heroes of the Plains" (page 302):

Upon seeing the fleeing scout there were no further grounds for suspecting his motives, so the Indians, who were mounted on excellent ponies, dashed after him as though they were impelled by a promise of all the whisky and bacon in the Big Father's commissary for his scalp. Bill was trying to save his hair and the Indians were equally anxious to secure it, so that the ride prompted by these dimetrically opposed motives was as furious as Tam O'Shanter's. After running over about three miles of ground Bill turned his head only to be horrified by the sight of his pursuers gaining rapidly on him. He now sank the spurs a little deeper into his mule, let out another inch of the reins and succeeded in increasing the speed of his animal, which appeared to be sailing under a second wind.

It was thus the chase continued to Ash Grove, four miles from Fort Larned, at which point Bill was less than half a mile ahead of the Indians, who were trying to make line shots with him and his mule as the target. Reaching Pawnee Fork he dashed into that stream and as he gained the opposite shore and was rounding a thick clump of trees he was rejoined to meet Denver Jim, a prominent scout, in company with a private soldier, driving a wagon toward the post.

A moment spent in explanation determined the three men upon an ambush. Accordingly, the wagon was hastily driven into the woods, and posting themselves at an advantageous point they awaited the appearance of the red-skinned pursuers. "Look out!" said Bill, "here they come, right over my trail." True enough, the twelve painted warriors rode swiftly around the clump of brush, and the next instant there was a discharge of shots from the ambush which sent two Indians sprawling on the ground, where they kicked out their miserable existence. The others saw the danger of their position, and making a big circle, rode rapidly back toward their war party.

When the three men reached Larned, Buffalo Bill and Denver Jim each displayed an Indian scalp as trophies of a successful ambush, and at the same time apprised Capt. Parker of the hostile character of Santaata and his tribe.

On the following day about eight hundred warriors appeared before the fort and threatened to storm it, but being met with a determined front they circled around the post several times, keeping the soldiers inside until their village could move off. Considerable fear was entertained at the fort, owing to the great number of hostile Indians who practically invested it, and it was deemed by Capt. Parker as of the utmost importance to send dispatches to Gen. Sheridan, informing him of the situation. Fort Hays was sixty-five miles distant from Fort Larned, and as the country was fairly swarming with the worst kind of "bad" Indians, Capt. Parker tried in vain to find some one who would carry the dispatches, until the request was made to Buffalo Bill. This expedition was not within Bill's line of duty, and presented dangers that would have caused the boldest man to hesitate; but finding all the couriers absolutely refusing to perform the necessary service, he agreed to deliver the message, provided he could select the horse that he wanted to ride. Of course this requirement was readily assented to, and at ten o'clock at night, during a terrible storm, the brave scout set out, knowing that he had to run a very gauntlet of hostiles, who would make many sacrifices if by so doing they could lift his coveted scalp.

The profound darkness of the night afforded him some security from surprise, but his fears of riding into an Indian camp were realized when he reached Walnut Creek. A barking dog was the first intimation of his position, but this was speedily followed by several Indians pursuing him, being directed by the sounds of his horse's feet. By hard riding and good dodging, however, he eluded these, and meeting with no further mishap than being thrown over his horse's head by reason of the animal suddenly stepping into a gopher hole, he reached Fort Hays shortly after daylight and delivered the dispatches he carried before Gen. Sheridan had arisen from bed.

After delivering the message Bill went over to Hays City, where he was well acquainted, and after taking some refreshments, lay down and slept for two hours. Thinking then that Gen. Sheridan might want to ask him some questions regarding the condition of affairs at Larned, he returned to the fort and reported to him. He was somewhat astonished to find that Gen. Sheridan was as anxious to send a messenger to Fort Dodge, ninety-five miles distant, as Capt. Parker had been to communicate with his superior officer at Fort Hays, and more surprised was he to find that of the numerous couriers and scouts at the fort not one could be induced to carry the General's dispatch, though the sum of five hundred dollars was offered for the service. Seeing the quandary in which Gen. Sheridan was placed, Bill addressed that official and said:

"Well, General, I'll go over to the hotel and take a little more rest, and if by four o'clock you have not secured some one to carry your dispatches I will undertake to do it."

The General replied: "I don't like to ask so much of you, for I know you are tired, but the matter is of great importance and some one must perform the trip. I'll give you a fresh horse and the best at the Fort if you'll undertake it."

"All right, General, I'll be ready at four o'clock," replied Bill, and then he went over to the hotel, but meeting with many friends, and the "irritating" being good, he obtained only the rest that gay companionship affords. At the appointed time Bill was ready, and receiving the dispatches at the hands of Gen. Sheridan he mounted his horse and rode away for Fort Dodge. After his departure there was much debate among the scouts who had him good-bye respecting the probability of his getting through, for the Indians were thick along the whole route, and only a few days before had killed three couriers and several settlers. Bill continued his ride all night, meeting with no interruption, and by daylight next morning he had reached Saw-Log Crossing, on Pawnee Fork, which was seventy-five miles from Fort Hays. A company of colored cavalry under Major Cox was stationed here, and it being on the direct route to Fort Dodge, Bill carried a letter with him from Gen. Sheridan requesting Major Cox to furnish him with a fresh horse upon his arrival there. This the Major did, so after partaking of a good breakfast, Bill took his remount and continued on to Dodge, which point he gained at ten o'clock in the morning, making the ninety-five miles in just eighteen hours from the time of starting.

The commanding officer at Fort Dodge, after receiving the dispatches, remarked:

"I am very glad to see you, Cody, and I'll tell you that the trip just made is one of the most fortunate I know of. It is almost a miracle how you got through without having your body filled as full of holes as a pepper-box. The Indians are swarming all around within fifty miles of here, and to leave camp voluntarily is almost equal to committing suicide. I have been wanting to send a message to Fort Larned for several days, but the trip is so dangerous that I can't find any one who will risk it, and I wouldn't blame the bravest man for refusing."

"Well, Major, I think I might get through to Larned; in fact, I want to go back there, and if you will furnish me with a good horse I'll try to carry your message."

"I don't think it would be policy for you to make the trip now, especially since you have done so much hard riding already. Besides, the best mount I could give you would be a government mule."

"All right, Major, I don't want the best; second best is good enough for me, so trot out your mule. I'll take a little nap, and in the meantime have your hostler slick up the mule so that he can slide through with me like a greased thunderbolt should the reds jump us."

Bill then went off, and after "liquidating" in true Western style, lay down in the Major's quarters, where he slept soundly until nearly five o'clock in the evening, when, having replenished his canteen, he mounted the patient mule and set out for Fort Larned, which was sixty-five miles east of Fort Dodge.

After proceeding as far as Coon Creek, which was nearly half way, Bill dismounted for the purpose of getting a drink of water. While stooping down the mule got frightened at something and jerked loose, nor did the stupid animal stop, but followed the trail, keeping ahead of the weary and chagrined scout for *thirty-five miles*. Half a mile from the Fort, Bill got within rifle range of his exasperating steed and gave him a flourish to the eternal grazing grounds.

After reaching Larned—carrying the bridle and saddle himself—Buffalo Bill spent several hours in refreshing sleep, and when he awakened he found Gen. Hazen trying to induce some of the couriers to take his dispatches to Gen. Sheridan, at Fort Hays.

Having been warmly and very justly praised for the long and perilous rides he had just completed, Bill again riding a free horse to death; you have already ridden enough to kill an ordinary man, and I don't think it would be trestling you properly to permit you to make this additional journey."

But when evening came and no other volunteer could be engaged, as a matter of last resort Bill was given a good horse and the dispatches entrusted to him for transmission. It was after nightfall when he started on this last trip and by daylight the next morning he was in Fort Hays, where he delivered the dispatches. Gen. Sheridan was profoundly astonished to see Bill before him again in so short a time, and after being informed of his wonderful riding during the three days, the General pronounced it a feat that was never equalled, and even now Gen. Sheridan maintains that no other man could accomplish the same distance under similar circumstances. To this day the rides here described stand on record as the most remarkable ever made. They aggregated *three hundred and fifty-five miles in fifty-eight riding hours*, or an average of more than *six miles an hour* including an enforced *stop of thirty-five miles*. When it is considered that all this distance was made in the night time and through a country full of hostile Indians, without a road to follow or a bridge to cross the streams, the feat appears too incredulous for belief were it not for the most indisputable evidence, easily attainable, which makes disbelief impossible.

Gen. Sheridan was so favorably impressed with the self-sacrificing spirit and marvelous endurance of Buffalo Bill, and being already acquainted with his reputation as a brave man, that he called the noted scout to his headquarters directly after receiving Major Hazen's dispatches, and said:

"Cody, I have ordered the Fifth Cavalry to proceed against the Dog Soldier Indians who are now terrorizing the Republican River district, and as the campaign will be a very important one I want a first-class man to guide the expedition. I have therefore decided to appoint you guide and also *Chief of scouts of the command*."



Cody, the Boy-Guide.—Danger Ahead!

KILLING
OF TALL BULL
BY
BUFFALO BILL

JULY 11th
1869

